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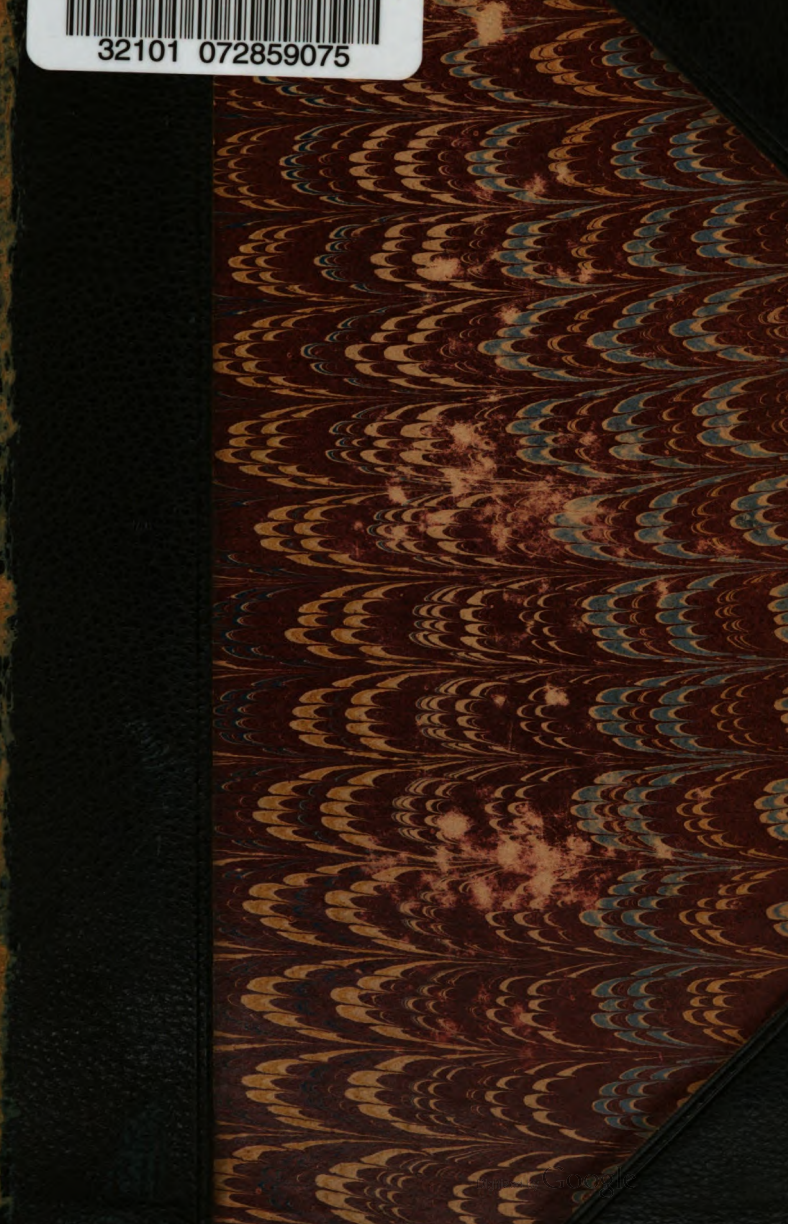
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Priscilla Maurice, ed.

Sacred Poems

for

Mourners.

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

REV. R. C. TRENCH, M.A.

London:

**FRANCIS & JOHN RIVINGTON,
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AND WATERLOO PLACE.**

1846.

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To the
Blessed Company of Mourners,
this Volume is dedicated,
in the earnest hope
that it may assist them
to believe in the Communion of Saints,
and to hear the Voice from Heaven,
saying,
Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Order for the Burial of the Dead, perhaps the noblest among all the occasional services of the English Church, and felt and acknowledged to be such by the thousands and tens of thousands of mourning hearts, which have found it equal to their needs, even in the darkest and the dreariest hour of all, yet oftentimes has not, perhaps even to them, revealed all the mysteries of consolation with which it is fraught; even they have failed to draw out the fulness of strength and comfort, which in it were laid up for them. For a while they have gone upon their way, soothed and strengthened; its solemn and

stirring tones yet ringing in the ear and in the spirit. Yet when the echoes of these tones have gradually died out, they have not been awakened anew by any recurrence to the Service itself. That is considered as having done, once for all, its part, and is very little, if at all, regarded as something to be studied, as a manual of innermost consolation for the Christian mourner, as a guide which the Church, who would comfort him as a mother comforteth her child, has desired to put into his hand for his continual use.

I believe it to have been the purpose of one, who has alone selected the poems in this volume, and has found her own best consolation in the hope of ministering to the consolation of others, and in this hope has spared, as these pages will bear abundant testimony, neither pains nor labour in bringing together, besides more familiar matter, much that lay hidden out of sight and forgotten, which yet was most worthy to be remembered ;—it was her purpose, I

believe, to bring out the Burial Service especially upon this side, and so to order and arrange the selected poems, that they should supply to it a continual commentary. The passages from the Service are not used merely as apt mottoes for the poems; but the poems have been considered chiefly valuable, as they illustrated the Service, as they helped to call out its latent meanings, as they were likely to make it more felt and prized; and such has been throughout the law of their selection.

A few words upon the plan of the Service may prove no unfitting introduction to the book. They shall be but few, as I should far prefer to suffer it to speak for itself, as it will to many a stricken and wounded heart.

The three introductory Sentences give evidence of a wonderful selection and arrangement. It is indeed a solemn assemblage, that "*at the entrance of the church-yard.*" Christ is there, according to His promise to His servants gathered in His Name; and

He proclaims not merely that men shall rise, but that He is the Resurrection—not the Life only, but, mightier and more wonderful still, Life in conflict with death, and overcoming it. And the Church within the veil, it is present also; and as by the mouth of this latest one that has entered there, it speaks its trust: it is unclothed, yet without fear; waiting to be clothed upon, for its Redeemer liveth. And the Church upon earth, it is there too; and there is a word also for it, by which it shall utter all the sense of its loss in the departed, and all its devout thanks for a blessing given in love, and in love taken away, which it does in the words of the much suffering Patriarch, words perhaps the sublimest that have found utterance from the lips of man.

Hereupon follow the two Psalms, to be read one or both; even as it has ever been the wont of the Church, and with good right, to make of them, of these deepest cries of man's need, these noblest and

most triumphant expressions of his affiance in God, an essential element for the Service of the Dead. In the first of those selected, the 39th, the turning point and the key-verse is no doubt the 8th: "*And now, Lord, what is my hope? Truly my hope is even in Thee.*" The Psalmist had thought to keep silence, when God smote him; to set a watch of his own at the door of his lips—but instead of this, had broken out in hastiest utterances on the emptiness of life, and the vanity of all things—summing up all in that question, "*What is my hope?*" To this question two answers were possible,—the answer of despair, There is no hope; or the better answer which in this decisive moment he has faith to make his own, "*My hope is even in Thee.*" The Psalm is in a few mighty strokes the history of a soul, passing from an attempt at a stubborn stoical endurance,—which, after all, it cannot maintain, but breaks out into impatient frettings and murmurings against God,—to evangelical peace and meekness, which

neither affects to despise His chastenings, nor faints under them ; which is only concerned to draw out of them their sweet as well as their bitter.

Or if not this Psalm, or in addition to this Psalm, that 90th, which by far older right and title belongs to the Burial Service of the Christian Church, a Psalm which they who most mis-doubt the superscriptions of the Psalms as they appear in the Hebrew Bible,—superscriptions that certainly have no absolute authority, however much weight as ancient Jewish tradition they must possess,—do yet readily acknowledge as belonging to him whose name it bears—“A prayer of Moses the man of God.” And it gives innermost witness to its authorship ;—so plainly do we hear in it, and in accents which cannot be mistaken, the voice of him that had been upon the fiery mount, the bearer of the two tables, the man who had seen a whole generation consuming away in their iniquities before his eyes—so earnest a sense speaks out in it of death as the wages of

sin. And in this Psalm the first verse no doubt supplies the key-note ; “ *Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another,*”—we, the children of men, may hide ourselves, not in the ends of earth, not in the deep of the sea, but in Thy bosom, under Thy wings, from these strokes of Thine anger, these utterances of Thy displeasure.

But while the Psalm keeps its character as an Old Testament composition, being rather of good things to come, than of good things actually present, being a yearning after a *coming* salvation, it does yet on this very account supply the fittest transition to the Lesson, which is no longer a “ *Satisfy us with Thy mercy,*” or a “ *Shew Thy servants Thy work,*” for He *has* satisfied them with His mercy, and shewn them His work ; since “ *Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.*”

We can indeed regard this 15th chapter of St. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians as nothing else

than a great hymn of praise for the fulfilment of the promises of God made unto the fathers. As it occupies a central place in the service, so is it also in some respect its kernel, and in its full statement of the doctrine of the resurrection, lays the foundations broad and strong, upon which our faith reposes. Or if we regard the Service as dividing itself into two parts, it forms the conclusion of the earlier part, rising towards its termination to a loftier and more rapturous pitch than again we reach ; while the conclusion of all is, and is intended to be, of another and a calmer character and tone.

There has been a pause and an interval between the chapter and the prayer which succeeds, during which "*they come to the grave.*" This, then, which follows, may be contemplated as a new beginning, or as a second part of the Service. And here the Service, as not yet having a right to maintain itself for any length of time at the height which it had reached, the hearts not yet being strung for this, in accordance

too with all which is going forward at the moment, for it is "*while the corpse is made ready to be laid into the earth,*" in accordance with this literal fulfilment of the original curse, however transfigured now into a blessing,—the Service takes up a low and solemn lament for the briefness and miseries of life, and the suddenness of death ; yet ever bringing these back to their true source, from which we are so ready to disconnect them, to sin and God's righteous anger against it. And then, with an onward glance to that awful hour through which the departed, as we trust, has safely past, but which remains for us, we pray that no height, nor depth, "*no pains of death,*" may separate us then from God, and from our faith in His forgiving love.

Next we turn Scripture into belief. That which we heard but now out of God's Word, we have made so truly our own, that we are able to apply it to our present need. And in the strength of it we dare look in the face all that we are doing, unlike the

heathen, that only with averted countenance would set fire to the funeral pile. But we shrink not from naming it all ; that it is "*earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*" For we have learned, and we declare our conviction, that this is not all, that this is not the last ; that of this sowing there shall come a reaping ; that this body, which we commit into the ground, is a seed ; and as from the slight unsightly seed in due time unfolds itself the graceful stalk, and the perfect flower, the same, but yet how different !—so shall it be here. The earthly body shall be the mother of a heavenly ; for Christ's body shall be as a leaven, by which the bodies of each one of His saints shall be leavened, transformed, and glorified,—the resurrection being indeed but a final completion of the regeneration, and necessarily involved and included in it.

What is done on earth is ratified and sealed in heaven : "*I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead that*

die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." Here the stress should be laid on that "*From henceforth :*" not first in that coming day, not first in that day of the Lord Jesus, but *now* they are blest, they are "*in joy and felicity.*" For Hades is for them no shadowy world, no forlorn region, where naked, shivering, shuddering ghosts wander disconsolate ; but since He has visited it, since the day when it has been possible "*to die in the Lord,*" from henceforward it is the Paradise of God, a place of blissful expectation for waiting yet rejoicing souls.

Then, after the shorter litany, follows the Prayer of prayers. There is no shaking of faith ; it is "Our Father" yet ; "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" and, far harder proof of faith, though He take away the desire of the eyes with a stroke, though graves open and again close over all which made here the light of life, yet this prayer rising like a *de profundis* out of the deepest places of affliction, gives witness of hearts, it may be, mightily tempest-shaken,

and yet safe-anchored still in the love of a Father who is in heaven.

It will be at once observed, that the two final prayers, the prayer and the collect, have reference one to the spirit, the other to the body, which we have alike commended into the hands of God, as of a faithful Creator. In the prayer, we of the Church on earth claim a fellowship, by death unbroken, with them that have already entered into rest. We are living in one hope with them ; we are desiring the same things which they are desiring, the end, the consummation, the kingdom. And in the concluding collect, even as the name suggests, all that went before is *collected* and gathered up, and we bring it home in practical application to ourselves. We ask that our griefs may not belie our hopes ;—not that the streams of a blessed sorrow may be dried up, but that they may not overflow their appointed bounds and banks ; that in a continual rising from the death of sin, we may anticipate that general resurrection which we

look for,—that we, who do not rest from our labours, as the departed, but are still among our unfinished works, may so work the works of God, that we may be accepted of Him in that day.

Thus has the Church, with the truest sympathy for her mourning children, by turns comforted and cheered them, elevated and warned, soothed and solemnized ; and, having done all, now lets them go, yet giving them first to a sure keeping, to the grace, and the love, and the fellowship of the ever blessed Trinity.

ERRATUM.

Page 59, line 3, *for* Early Rife *read* Early Ripe

Burial of the Dead.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord.

A FUNERALL SONG.

GEORGE WITHER.

**" I AM the Life," (the Lord thus saith,)
The Resurrection is through Me :
And whosoe'er in Me hath faith,
Shall live, yea though now dead he be :
And he for ever shall not die,
That living doth on Me relye.**

**That my Redeemer lives I weene,
And that at last I raised shall be
From earth, and covered with my skinne
In this my flesh, my God shall see.
Yea, with these eies, and these alone,
E'en I my God shall looke upon.**

**Into the world we naked come,
And naked back againe we goe :**

B

The Lord our wealthe receive we from,
And He doth take it from us too :
The Lord both wills and workes the same ;
And blessed therefore be His Name !

From Heaven there came a voyce to me,
And this it willed me to record :
The dead from henceforth blessed be,
The dead that dieth in the Lord :
The Spirit thus doth likewise say,
For from their workes at rest are they.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord ; he that beliebeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

(PART.)

FROM HICKES' DEVOTIONS.

TELL me, ye bright stars that shine
 Round about the Lamb's high throne ;
 How, through bodies once like mine,
 How are you so glorious grown ?

Hark, with one voice, they reply,
 " This was all our happy skill ;
 We on Jesus fix'd our eye,
 And His eminent followers still ;

" As we clearly saw their mind
 Set and ruled, we order'd ours :
 Both this state alone design'd ;
 Up towards this we strain'd all powers.

" Him who made us all for this,
 Him who made Himself our Way,
 Him who leads us into bliss,
 May all praise, and all obey. Amen."

~~Whosoever lieth and beliebeth in me shall never die.~~

THE DEAD FRIEND.

SOUTHEY.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
 Descend to contemplate
 The form that once was dear :
 The spirit is not there
 Which kindled that dead eye,
 Which throbbed in that cold heart,
 Which in that motionless hand
 Hath met thy friendly grasp—
 The spirit is not there !
 It is but lifeless perishable flesh
 That moulders in the grave ;
 Earth, air, and water's ministering particles
 Now to the elements
 Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
 Follow thy friend beloved ;

The spirit is not there !
Often together have we talked of death ;
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear ;
How sweet it were with powers
Such as the cherubim
To view the depth of heaven.
O ! Edmund, thou hast first
Begun the travel of eternity !
I look upon the stars
And think that thou art there,
Unfettered as the thought that follows thee !
And we have often said how sweet it were
With unseen ministry of angel power
To watch the friends we loved.
Edmund, we did not err !
Sure I have felt thy presence ; thou hast given
A birth to holy thought,
Hast kept me from the world unstained and pure.
Edmund, we did not err !
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy,

The soul outgrows them not,—
We do not cast them off;
O ! if it could be so
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved ;
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he companies thy solitude,
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse.
And, though remembrance wake a tear
There will be joy in grief.

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand
at the latter day upon the earth.

LIBERA NOS, DOMINE.

(PART.)

S. M. WARING.

BUT there's a tide remains at last
To pass, when all the rest are pass'd :
And deep to deep proclaims afar
That death's dark billows mighty are.
Yet Thou, who mightier art to save,
Didst cross that Jordan's parted wave,
And bear into the land of rest
The graven jewels on thy breast.
Where Thou hast trod, we too will go ;
For there no floods shall overflow.

With us in the waters be :

Libera nos, Domine !

And, since once more Thou shalt appear,
With trump that e'en the dead shall hear,

Stamp now Thine image on this clay,
And own it there in Thy great day :
When wide unfurl'd all flesh shall see
Thy perfect law ; and every knee
Shall bend, and every tongue avow,
“ Thou, Lord, art righteous—only Thou !”
If then the voice of prayer we raise,
Ere prayer shall quite dissolve in praise,
Faith shall breathe that latest plea,
Libera nos, Domine !

Yet in my flesh shall I see God.

ROBERT FARLEY.

**THY light from whence it came, mounts still on
high**

Unto the source of light that's never dry.

Like as the rivers to the ocean runne,

From whence their secret fountaines first begun :

Like as the stone doth to the centre sway ;

So to the spheres my light still makes its way.

No joyes, delights, and greatest weights of gold,

Nor pampering pleasure fast our soule can hold.

The panting soule rests not, untill it see

His Maker God, a Triune Deitie.

**We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain
we can carry nothing out.**

R. C. TRENCH.

By Grecian annals it remained untold,
But may be read in Eastern legend old,
How when great Alexander died, he bade
That his two hands uncovered might be laid
Outside the bier—for men therewith to see—
(Men who had seen him in his majesty)
That he had gone the common way of all,
And nothing now his own in death might call ;
Nor of the treasures of two empires aught
Within those empty hands unto the grave had
brought.

**We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain
we can carry nothing out. ***

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

—LET me still remember, then, an houre
Is hourelly coming on, wherein I shall
(Though I had all the world within my powre)
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
But minde me chiefly that I never cleave
Too closely to my selfe ; and cause Thou me,
Not other earthly things alone to leave,
But to forsake my selfe for love of Thee :
That I may say, now I have all things left,
Before that I of all things am bereft.

**We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we
can carry nothing out.**

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

ON AN EARLY DEATH.

(PART.)

R. C. TRENCH.

NOTHING is left or lost—nothing of good,
 Or lovely ; but whatever its first springs
 Has drawn from God, returns to Him again ;
 That only which 'twere misery to retain
 Is taken from you, which to keep were loss ;
 Only the scum the refuse and the dross
 Are borne away unto the grave of things,
 Meanwhile whatever gifts from heav'n descend
 Thither again have flowed,
 To the receptacle of all things good,
 From whom they come and unto whom they tend,
 Who is the First and Last, the Author and the End.

And fear to sorrow with increase of grief,
When they who go before
Go furnished—or because their span was brief,
When in the acquist of what is life's true gage,
Truth, knowledge, and that other worthiest lore,
They had fulfilled already a long age.
For doubt not but that in the worlds above
There must be other offices of love,
That other tasks and ministries there are,
Since it is promised that His servants, there
Shall serve Him still. Therefore be strong, be strong,
Ye that remain, nor fruitlessly revolve,
Darkling, the riddles which ye cannot solve,
But do the works that unto you belong,
Believing that for every mystery,
For all the death the darkness and the curse
Of this dim universe,
Needs a solution full of love must be :
And that the way whereby ye may attain
Nearest to this, is not thro' broodings vain
And half-rebellious—questionings of God,
But by a patient seeking to fulfil

The purpose of his everlasting will,
Treading the way which lowly men have trod.
Since it is ever they who are too proud
For this, that are the foremost and most loud
To judge his hidden judgments, these are still
The most perplexed and mazed at his mysterious
will.

**WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we
can carry nothing out.**

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

THE PROPHET'S HYMN.

HAB. iii.

S. M. WARING.

**THOUGH the fig-tree my bower that o'ershaded
Refuse what it scattered before ;
Though the vine's wreathed curtain, all faded,
Refresh with its clusters no more,—**

**Though the olive, loved symbol of heaven,
Be guarded and cherished in vain ;
Though the field, for the blessing once given,
But the thorn and the thistle retain ;—**

**Though the home where the herd is retreating,
Its sweet-flowing stores should withhold ;
Nor voice of the flock's tender bleating
Be heard in the desolate fold ;—**

These joys are the moon-beam that waneth,
While the sun, whence it springs, is the same ;
Jehovah, my Saviour, remaineth ;
And I will rejoice in his name.

Undried is that fountain of pleasure,
Whose drops 'mid this wilderness fall :
Still safe, still untouched is my treasure ;
For mine is the Giver of all.

We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we
can carry nothing out.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be
the name of the Lord.

TO A DYING INFANT.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

SLEEP, little baby ! sleep !
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast,
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Yes with the quiet dead,
Baby, thy rest shall be ;
O many a weary wight
Weary of life and light
Would fain lie down with thee.

Flee little tender nurseling
Flee to thy grassy nest,
There the first flowers that blow
The first pure flakes of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

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Peace ! peace ! the little bosom
 Labours with shortening breath :
Peace, peace, that tremulous sigh
Speaks his departure nigh,
 Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty
 A thing all health and glee ;
But never then wert thou
So beautiful as now,
 Baby, thou seem'st to me.

Thine upturned eye glazed o'er,
 Like harebells wet with dew,
Already veiled and hid
By the convulsive lid,
 Their pupils darkly blue.

Thy little mouth half open
 Thy soft lip quivering
As if (like summer air
Ruffling the rose leaves there)
 Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up immortal essence !
Young spirit haste depart !
And is this death ? Dread thing
If such thy visiting
How beautiful thou art !

O I could gaze for ever
Upon that waxen face,
So passionless so pure !
The little shrine were sure
An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest childless mother !
Aye weep 'twill ease thine heart !
He was thy first-born son
Thy first thine only one—
'Tis hard from him to part !

'Tis hard to lay thy darling
Deep in the damp cold earth ;
His empty crib to see,
His silent nursery
Once gladsome with his mirth.

To meet again in slumber
His small mouth's rosy kiss,
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
His twining arms to miss.

To feel (half conscious why)
A dull heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !

And then to lie and weep
And think the live-long night,
Feeding thy own distress
With accurate greediness
Of every past delight.

Of all his winning ways,
His pretty playful smiles,
His joy at sight of thee,
His tricks, his mimicry,
And all his little wiles.

O ! these are recollections
Round mother's heart that cling,
And mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond Mother,
In after years look back,
(Time brings such wond'rous easing)
With sadness not unpleasing,
E'en on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, " My first-born blessing
When thou wast forced to go
It almost broke my heart ;
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

" God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried ;
He fought the fight for thee
He won the victory
And thou art sanctified.

- “ I look around and see
The evil ways of men,
And, O beloved child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.
- “ The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore,
I lulled them on my breast!
- “ Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal zone,
Thou art safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the source of love
The Everlasting One!
- “ And when the hour arrives
From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven's gate
To meet and welcome me!”

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

OF MY DEAR SON, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

**CAN I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which, like a flower crushed with a blast is dead,
And ere full time, hangs down his smiling head
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew ?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
O, may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find.
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature ; or his tender age,
Whose looks could all my bitter grief assuage ;**

Let his pure soul, ordained seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me,
Remain my pledge in Heaven, as sent to show,
How to this port at every step I go.

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

I. WILLIAMS.

**BUT lo ! where by yon gleaming tower
The sun sinks to the western bower,
As weeping mourners stand around
Like evening dews there falls a sound
On hearts by sorrow witherèd,
The words of Him who woke the dead.**

**“ O Father of the fatherless, to Thee
We turn, sole Comforter, and seek release,
When shall Thy better kingdom come, and we
Be gathered to Thy feet, and be at peace ?**

**“ Thou giv'st and tak'st away, Thy name be blest ;
Fain would we have that cup to pass away,
But may Thy will be done ; only our rest
To know that Thou art good, and to obey.**

“ Thy will be done on earth, as 'tis in Heaven,
Give us enough each day to bear us on,
'Tis not our home ; as we have forgiven
Forgive us e'er we die, for Thy dear Son.

“ Look on us, for like leaves we haste away,
And are not ; to Thy mercy let us cling
Till we have past this world of evil sway
Hide us beneath the shelter of Thy wing.”

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

EPITAPH ON A DECEASED FRIEND.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

HERE lies the ruined cabinet
Of a rich soul, more highly set.
The dross and refuse of a mind
Too glorious to be here confined.
Earth for a while bespoke his stay,
Only to bait, and so away ;
So that what here he doated on
Was merely accommodation.
Not that his active soul could be
At home, but in eternity.
Yet while he blest us with his rays
Of his short-continued days,
Each minute had its weight of worth,
Each pregnant hour some star brought forth.
So whiles he travelled here beneath,
He lived, when others only breathe.

For not a sand of time slipped by
Without its action sweet as high :
So good, so peaceable, so blest,
Angels alone can speak the rest.

**The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be
the name of the Lord.**

G. WITHER.

**THE voice which I did more esteem
Than music in her sweetest key ;
Those eyes which unto me did seem
More comfortable than the day ;
Those now by me, as they have been,
Shall never more be heard or seen,
But what I once enjoyed in them
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.**

**All earthly comforts vanish thus ;
So little hold of them have we,
That we from them, or they from us,
May in a moment ravished be.
Yet we are neither just nor wise
If present mercies we despise ;
Or mind not how there may be made
A thankful use of what we had.**

PSALM XXXIX.

I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue.

JOB MILITANT.

(PART.)

FRANCIS QUARLES.

AFFLICTIONS clarify the soule,
 And like hard masters, give more hard directions,
 Tutoring the non-age of uncurbed affections.
 Wisdome (the antidote of sad despaire)
 Makes sharpe afflictions seeme not as they are,
 Through patient suffrance ; and doth apprehend,
 Not as they seeming are, but as they end.
 To beare affliction with a bended brow,
 Or stubborne heart, is but to disallow
 The speedy meanes to health ; salve heales no sore
 If misapply'd, but makes the grief the more ;
 Who sends affliction, sends an end ; and He
 Best knowes what's best for him, what's best for me :
 'Tis not for me to carve me where I like ;
 Him pleases when He list to stroake or strike.

D

I'll neither wish, nor yet avoid tentation,
But still expect it, and make preparation :
If He think best, my faith shall not be tryde,
Lord, keep me spotlesse from presumptuous pride :
If otherwise ; with tryall give me care
By thankfull patience to prevent despaire ;
Fit me to beare whate'er Thou shalt assigne ;
I kisse the rod, because the rod is Thine.
Howe'er, let me not boast, nor yet repine ;
With triall, or without, Lord, make me Thine.

**I said, I will take heed unto my ways, that I sin not with
my tongue.**

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

(PART.)

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

YET if affliction once her wars begin,

And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire ;

As spiders touched seek their web's inmost part ;

As bees in storms back to their hives return ;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart ;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,

(Making us pry into ourselves so near,)

Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately plucked me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught ;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reformed my will, and rectified my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air ;
So working lees settle and purge the wine ;
So lopped and pruned trees do flourish fair ;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go ;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill ;
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will.

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all ;
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span ;
I know my sense is mocked in every thing :
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days ;
that I may be certified how long I have to live.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

1 JOHN iii. 2.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THERE are, who darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe :
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain :
" Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
" And if our fate be death, give light and let us die."

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by Thy chastenings sweet,
For Thou would'st have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on Thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark
Glide in the narrow wake of Thy beloved ark.

'Tis so in war—the champion true
Loves victory more, when dim in view
He sees her glories gild afar
The dusky edge of stubborn war,
Than if th' untrodden bloodless field
The harvest of her laurels yield ;
Let not my bark in calm abide,
But win her fearless way against the chafing tide.

'Tis so in love—the faithful heart
From her dim vision would not part,
When first to her fond gaze is given
That purest spot in Fancy's heaven,
For all the gorgeous sky beside,
Though pledged her own, and sure t' abide ;
Dearer than every past noon-day
That twilight gleam to her, though faint and far away.

So have I seen some tender flower
Prized above all the vernal bower,
Sheltered beneath the coolest shade,
Embosomed in the greenest glade,

So frail a gem, it scarce may bear
The playful touch of evening air ;
When hardier grown we love it less,
And trust it from our sight, not needing our caress.

And wherefore is the sweet spring tide
Worth all the changeful year beside ?
The last born babe, why lies its part
Deep in the mother's inmost heart ?
But that the Lord and source of love
Would have His weakest ever prove
Our tenderest care—and, most of all
Our frail immortal souls, His work and Satan's thrall.

So be it, Lord ; I know it best,
Though not as yet this wayward breast
Beat quite in answer to Thy voice,
Yet surely I have made my choice ;
I know not yet the promised bliss,
Know not if I shall win or miss ;
So doubting, rather let me die,
Then close with aught beside, to last eternally.

What is the heaven we idly dream ?
The self-deceiver's dreary theme,
A cloudless sun that softly shines,
Bright maidens and unfailing vines,
The warrior's pride, the hunter's mirth,
Poor fragments all of this low earth :
Such as in sleep would hardly soothe
A soul that once had tasted of immortal truth.

What is the heaven our God bestows ?
No prophet yet, no angel knows ;
Was never yet created eye
Could see across eternity ;
Not seraph's wing for ever soaring
Can pass the flight of souls adoring,
That nearer still and nearer grow
To th' unapproached Lord, once made for them so low.

Unseen, unfelt their earthly growth,
And self-accused of sin and sloth
They live and die : their names decay,
Their fragrance passes quite away ;

Like violets in the freezing blast
No vernal steam around they cast,—
But they shall flourish from the tomb,
The breath of God shall wake them into od'rous
bloom.

Then on th' incarnate Saviour's breast,
The fount of sweetness, they shall rest,
Their spirits every hour imbued
More deeply with His precious blood.
But peace—still voice and closed eye
Suit best with hearts beyond the sky,
Hearts training in their low abode,
Daily to lose themselves in hope to find their God.

**Behold, Thou hast made my days as it were a span long :
and mine age is even as nothing in respect of Thee.**

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BISHOP KING.

**LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like the wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood—
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in, and paid to-night.**

**The wind blows out ; the bubble dies ;
The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
The stream dries up ; the star is shot ;
The flight is past—and man forgot.**

And now, Lord, what is my hope? truly my hope is even
in Thee.

ST. JOHN.

I. WILLIAMS.

“AMEN. E'en so, Lord Jesus, come.” O, why
Tarry so long Thy chariot wheels, while I,
I only, yet remain, and one by one,
The tried companions of Thy love are gone ;
And I, all dearest treasures gone before,
Am left upon the solitary shore ?

So better may I learn “Thy will be done;”
For whom have I in Heaven but Thee alone ?
And whom have I on earth, but only Thee ?
Therefore with one foot on the stormy sea,
And one foot fixt on the eternal strand,
Thou holdest me by Thy never failing hand.
Before Thy face that bringest in the day,
The mountains and the hills shall flee away,
The sun and stars in darkness make their bed,
And forth the bridal city shall be led ;

For Thy blest city needs not sun or moon,
But in Thy face hath its unwaning noon.
Therefore, alone in Thy eternal love
I seek for refuge : Thee in Heaven above,
And Thee below ! Blest they who day and night
Serve Thee, and have their dwelling in Thy light !

**I became dumb and opened not my mouth: for it was Thy
doing.**

*

C.

**I HAVE been dumb, and held my peace,
Because the stroke was Thine;
When Thou dost bare Thy holy arm
Omnipotent, Divine,
Shall mortal man corrupt within
Complain that Thou dost visit sin?**

**Thou didst it, Lord. This sorrow came
Obedient to Thy will:
Thy hands have made me; O! in wrath
Remember mercy still.**

**I will be silent at Thy awful throne,
Lord, Thou hast fashion'd me: Thy will be done.**

**Thou didst it. Thou whose heart of love
Was wounded first for me:
Who passed through mortal life, and bore
Death's deepest agony.**

How can I murmur or complain
When Jesus suffered grief and pain ?

Thou didst it ; who art watching now
Each pang and heavy sigh :
Yes, I submit, if only Thou
Wilt hold me, and stand nigh :
I will not struggle with the knife
That wounds me, but to save my life.

Thou didst it, who art gone on high
Where many mansions be,
There to prepare a glorious home,
And deathless friends for me :
Shall I rebel against the love
That fits me for my home above ?

Ah no ! e'en through this load of fears,
My heart is springing up,
To thank Thee for the boundless grace
That overflows my cup.
But I am weak, and cannot always say
" Thy will be done : " remember I am clay.

Put a new song within my lips,
And let my spirit sing ;
I give Thee up my inmost heart,
Saviour, and Priest, and King ;
Take to Thee there at least Thy power and reign ;
Henceforth " to live is Christ, to die is gain."

I became dumb and opened not my mouth : for it was Thy
doing.

SAINTS DEPARTED.

JOB xlii. 6.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

AND dare I say, " Welcome to me
The pang that proves Thee near ?"
O words, too oft on bended knee
Breathed to th' Unerring Ear.
While the cold spirit silently
Pines at the scourge severe.

Nay, try once more—thine eyelids close
For prayer intense and meek :
When the warm light gleams through and shows
Him near who helps the weak.
Unmurmuring then thy heart's repose
In dust and ashes seek.

E

But when the self-aborring thrill
Is past, as pass it must,
When tasks of life thy spirit fill,
Risen from thy tears and dust,
Then be the self-renouncing will
The seal of thy calm trust.

**Take Thy plague away from me: I am eben consumed by
means of Thy heavy hand.**

CONFESSION.

G. HERBERT.

**O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same Grief! within my heart I made
Closets, and in them many a chest :
And, like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :—
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.**

**No screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind,
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath designed.
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts ;
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.**

We are the earth ; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about :
And, till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much less give out.
No smith can make such locks but they have
keys :
Closets are halls to them ; and hearts, highways.

Only an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter ;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth, open hearts no fast'ning have ; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sins,
Lord, I acknowledge ; take Thy plagues away !
For, since confession pardon wins,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond ; let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudy, to my breast.

Ⓢ spare me a little that I may recover my strength : before
I go hence, and be no more seen.

PSALM VI.

H. F. LYTE.

GENTLY, gently lay thy rod
On my sinful head, O God.
Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
Heal me, for Thy grace I seek ;
This my only plea I make,
Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
Shall proclaim Thy power to save ?
Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,
Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo ! He comes ! He heeds my plea !
Lo ! He comes, the shadows flee !
Glory round me dawns once more ;
Rise, my spirit, and adore !



PSALM XC.



**Lord, Thou hast been our refuge : from one generation to
another.**

ELEGIAC POEMS.

HERS was a mother's heart,
That poor Egyptian's, when she drew apart,
Because she would not see
Her child beloved in its last agony :

When her sad load she laid,
In her despair, beneath the scanty shade
In the wild waste, and steep
Aside, and long and passionately wept.

Yet higher, more sublime,
How many a mother, since that ancient time,
Has shown the mighty power
Of love divine, in such another hour !

O ! higher love to wait
Fast by the sufferer in his worst estate,
Nor from the eyes to hide
One pang, but aye in courage to abide.

And though no Angel bring
In that dark hour unto a living spring
Of gladness,—as was sent
Stilling her voice of turbulent lament,—

O! higher faith to show,
Out of what depths of anguish and of woe
The heart is strong to raise
To an all-loving Father hymns of praise.

**For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday;
seeing that is past as a watch in the night.**

EARLY RIFE.

BEN JONSON.

It is not growing, like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear—
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light ;—
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.

**For we consume away in Thy displeasure : and are afraid
at Thy wrathful indignation.**

DISCIPLINE.

G. HERBERT.

THROW away Thy rod ;
Throw away Thy wrath !

O my God,
Take the gentle path !

For my heart's desire
Unto Thee is bent ;

I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
But by book ;
And Thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep ;
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed .

For with love,
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot :
Love's a man of war,
And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on *Thee*,
Brought *Thee* low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod !
Though man frailties hath,
Thou art God !
Throw away Thy wrath !

~~Let~~ **Let** us bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the Psalmist.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 " Life is but an empty dream !"
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 " Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead ;
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

④ teach us to number our days : that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom.

THE DISCHARGE.

G. HERBERT.

Busy, inquiring heart, what would'st thou know ?

Why dost thou pry,

And turn, and leer, and with a liq'rous eye

Look high and low,

And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all ?

Did not thy heart

Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?

Let what will, fall :

That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is God's : thy time to come is gone ;

And is His right.

He is thy night at noon ; He is at night

Thy noon, alone.

The crop is His, for He hath sown.

F

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business His, and in thy life partake ;
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee :
And happy thou,
If, though thou did'st not beat thy future brow,
Thou could'st well see
What present things required of thee.

They ask enough ; why should'st thou further go ?
Raise not the mud
Of future depths ; but drink the clear and good.
Dig not for woe
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provide,
He breaks the square.
This hour is mine ; if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon Death's side :

**Either grief will not come ; or if it must,
Do not forecast.
And while it cometh, it is almost past.
Away distrust !
My God hath promised. He is just**

**© teach us to number our days: that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom.**

BISHOP MIDDLETON.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father! wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be Thine!
And when Thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee!

☉ teach us to number our days : that we may apply our
hearts unto wisdom.

I. WILLIAMS.

WHILE to the tomb we tread this pilgrimage,
Sorrow will wait upon us and be ours.
E'en as our shadow, where on life's dim stage
Falls the celestial light from Eden's bowers.

Then it were wise to win her for our friend,
Who must be our companion, so to gain,
That she may help us to our journey's end,
So we may love her yoke, nor feel the chain.

Lest we should exile take for home or ease,
Shadows for truth, for shore the billows breast,
Our trial for acceptance and release,
The vale of tears for mountain of our rest.

Such sorrow is sent down by pitying Heaven,
The mantle which from Jesus fell below,
To His own chosen in His mercy given,
The last, best boon He could on earth bestow.

© satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon : so shall we
rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

THE SIZE.

G. HERBERT.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart.
Modest and moderate joys, to those that have
Title to more hereafter when they part,
Are passing brave.
Let th' upper springs into the low
Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinnamon sail,
If thou hast wherewithal to spice a draught,
When griefs prevail,
And for the future time art heir
To th' Isle of Spices,—is't not fair ?

To be in both worlds full,
Is more than God was ; who was hungry here.
Would'st thou His laws of fasting disannul ?—
Enact good cheer ?—

Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it?—
Would'st thou both eat thy cake, and have it!

Great joys are all at once ;
But little do reserve themselves for more.
These have their hopes ; those, what they have,
renounce,
And live on score.
Those are at home ; these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemned it as unfit,—
At least in lump ; for such doth oft destroy ;
Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And, for the present, health restore.

A Christian's state and case,
Is not a corpulent, but a thin and spare ;
Yet active strength ; whose long and bony face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide ;
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy ;
For we should count,—‘ Since the last joy.’

Then close again the seam,
Which thou hast opened ; do not spread thy robe,
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream ;
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heaven the haven.

That no decay shall touch me ; O be pleased
To fix my steps ; and whatsoever path
Thy sacred and eternal will decreed
For Thy bruised reed,
O give it full obedience, that so seized
Of all I have, I may not move Thy wrath,
Nor grieve Thy dove, but, soft and mild
Both live and die Thy child !

☉ satisfy us with Thy mercy, and that soon: so shall we
rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.

M. L. DUNCAN.

THIN clouds are floating o'er the sky,
And in the glorious west
Lingers the rose's brilliancy,
Where sank the sun to rest.
A streak of light is hovering there,
Unwilling to depart ;
And soft and still the wintry air
Breathes o'er the grateful heart.

Though summer's step of joy is fled,
Her voice of music hushed,
Her shades of living verdure dead,
Her flowery chaplets crushed ;
Sweet nature still hath power to bless,
By mercy's hand arrayed,
Her morn in fairy loveliness,
Her eve in dovelike shade.

So when the days of joy are past,
And life's enchantment o'er,
When we have bowed to sorrow's blast,
And hope is bright no more ;
There still are mercies full and free
Mixed in the cup of woes,
And, where the mourner cannot see,
In faith he onward goes.

Then weep not o'er the hour of pain,
As those who lose their all ;
Gather the fragments that remain,
They'll prove nor few nor small.
The thankful spirit finds relief,
In calm submissive love ;
Toils on in hope, amidst his grief
And looks for joys above.

Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast
plagued us.

R. C. TRENCH.

AN open wound that has been healed anew ;
A stream dried up, that once again is fed
With waters making green its grassy bed ;
A tree that withered was, but to the dew
Puts forth young leaves and blossoms fresh of hue,
Even from the branches which had seemed most dead ;
A sea which having been disquieted,
Now stretches like a mirror calm and blue,—
Our hearts to each of these were likened well.
But Thou wert the physician and the balm ;
Thou, Lord, the fountain, whence anew was filled
Their parchèd channel ; Thou the dew that fell
On their dead branches ; 'twas Thy voice that stilled
The storm within—Thou didst command the calm.

**Comfort us . . . for the years wherein we have suffered
adversity.**

EMBLEM.

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

**For by afflictions, man refined growes,
And (as the gold prepared in the fire)
Receiveth such a forme by wrongs and blowes,
That he becomes the jewell we desire !**

**To Thee therefore O God ! my prayers are
Not to be freed from griefes and troubles quite ;
But, that they may be such as I can beare,
And serve to make me precious in Thy sight.**

**This please me shall, though all my lifetime I
Betweene Thine anvill and the hammer, lie.**

**Comfort us again . . . for the years wherein we have
suffered adversity.**

C. E.

MOURNER ! is thy heart still grieving,
Secret tears sad traces leaving,
Frequent sighs thy bosom heaving ?
Why dost thou weep ?

Dost thou mourn those gone before thee ?
Lost is not the love they bore thee ;
They may now be watching o'er thee—
Why dost thou weep ?

Though thy path on earth be shaded,
Has not death left uninvaded
Worlds of bliss and joys unfaded ?—
Why dost thou weep ?

Hath not Christ thy sins remitted ?
Will not thy glad soul, when fitted,
Into heaven be soon admitted ?
Why dost thou weep ?

Should the ills of life distress thee ?
Grief, care, loneliness depress thee ?
With thy Saviour near to bless thee,
Why dost thou weep ?

Ever near, to walk beside thee,
Near to counsel, guard, and guide thee ;
Say, can any ill betide thee ?
Why dost thou weep ?

Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us : and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity.

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

JOHN xvi. 7.

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

My Saviour, can it ever be
That I should gain by losing Thee ?
The watchful mother tarries nigh
Though sleep have closed her infant's eye,
For should he wake, and find her gone,
She knows she could not bear his moan.
But I am weaker than a child,
And Thou art more than mother dear ;
Without Thee Heaven were but a wild :
How can I live without Thee here !

"Tis good for you, that I should go,
" You lingering yet awhile below ;"—
'Tis Thine own gracious promise, Lord !
Thy saints have proved the faithful word,
When Heaven's bright boundless avenue
Far opened on their eager view,

And homeward to Thy Father's throne,
Still lessening, brightening on their sight,
Thy shadowy car went soaring on ;
They tracked Thee up th' abyss of light.

Thou bid'st rejoice ; they dare not mourn,
But to their home in gladness turn,
Their home and God's, that favoured place,
Where still He shines on Abraham's race,
In prayers and blessings there to wait
Like suppliants at their monarch's gate,
Who bent with bounty rare to aid
The splendours of his crowning day,
Keeps back awhile his largess, made
More welcome for that brief delay :

In doubt they wait, but not unblest ;
They doubt not of their Master's rest,
Nor of the gracious will of Heaven—
Who gave His Son, sure all has given—
But in ecstatic awe they muse
What course the genial stream may choose,

And far and wide their fancies rove,
And to their height of wonder strain,
What secret miracle of love
Should make their Saviour's going gain.

The days of hope and prayer are past,
The day of comfort dawns at last,
The everlasting gates again
Roll back, and lo ! a royal train—
From the far depth of light once more
The floods of glory earth-ward pour :
They part like shower-drops in mid air,
But ne'er so soft fell noontide shower,
Nor evening rainbow gleamed so fair
To weary swains in parched bower.

Swiftly and straight each tongue of flame
Through cloud and breeze unwavering came,
And darted to its place of rest
On some meek brow of Jesus blest.
Nor fades it yet, that living gleam,
And still those lambent lightnings stream ;

Where'er the Lord is, there are they ;
In every heart that gives them room,
They light his altar every day,
Zeal to inflame, and vice consume.

Soft as the plumes of Jesus' Dove,
They nurse the soul to heavenly love :
The struggling spark of good within,
Just smothered in the strife of sin,
They quicken to a timely glow,
The pure flame spreading high and low.
Said I, That prayer and hope were o'er ?
Nay, blessed Spirit ! but by Thee
The Church's prayer finds wings to soar,
The Church's hope finds eyes to see.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing ;
Mount, but be sober on the wing ;
Mount up, for Heaven is won by prayer,
Be sober, for thou art not there ;
Till death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said, 'Tis good for thee

To walk by faith and not by sight :
Take it on trust a little while ;
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right
In the full sunshine of His smile.

Or if thou yet more knowledge crave,
Ask thine own heart, that willing slave
To all that works thee woe or harm :
Should'st thou not need some mighty charm
To win thee to thy Saviour's side,
Though He had deigned with thee to bide ?
The Spirit must stir the darkling deep,
The Dove must settle on the Cross,
Else we should all sin on or sleep
With Christ in sight, turning our gain to loss.

Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us : and for the years wherein we have suffered adbersity.

EMBLEM.

GEORGE WITHER.

BEFORE the ploughman hopefull can be made,
 His untilled earth good hay or corne will yeeld,
 He breakes the hillocks downe, with plough or spade ;
 And harrowes over, all the cloddie field.
 Then, from the leavelled ground, at last he mowes
 That crop of grasse, which he had hope to gaine :
 Or, there, doth reape the fruit of what he sowes,
 With profit which contents him for his paine.
 Our craggie nature must be tilled thus,
 Before it will for herbes of grace be fit.
 Our high conceit must downe be broke in us ;
 Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.
 Before good seed in us will rooting take,
 Affliction's ploughes and harrowes must prepare us ;
 And that the truer level He may make,
 When we are sunck too low, God's hand must reare us.

Then neither stormings of adversitie,
Shall drowne the seedes of hope, which we have
sowne ;

Nor shall the sunnebeames of prosperitie,
Drie up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.
O Lord ! Thou know'st the nature of my minde ;
Thou know'st my bodye's tempers what they are ;
And by what meanes they shall be best inclined,
Such fruits to yeeld, as they were made to beare.
My barren soule, therefore manure Thou so ;
So harrow it ; so emptie, and so fill ;
So raise it up, and bring it downe so low
As best may lay it leuell to Thy will.

In this desire, the worke is well begunne ;
Say Thou the word and all is fully done.

**Show Thy servants Thy work : and their children Thy
glory.**

THE INFANT'S DEATH.

I. WILLIAMS.

It is so ; thou again more truly born
Hast burst the bars unsullied, from the womb
Of earthly things, loosing thine angel plume
Wet with baptismal dews, and in new morn
Art singing : we thine earthly robe, forlorn,
See on the ground and weep,—in this thy doom
Of thy sweet rays too mindful ; while the gloom
O'er us unbidden creeps, too feebly borne
Beyond the veil to take with thee our part,
And joy in thy home gladness. Steadier now
May both our hearts and hands to where thou art,
By earth less weighed, be lifted. Haply thou,
Where angels gladden at man's better choice,
Hearest our prayers, and hearing dost rejoice.

**And the glorious majesty of the Lord our God be upon us :
prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us ; O prosper
Thou our handy work.**

(PART.)

ELEGIAC POEMS.

THEN let us be content in spirit, though
We cannot walk, as we are fain to do,
Within the solemn shadow of our griefs
For ever—but must needs come down again
From the bright skirts of those protecting clouds,
To tread the common paths of earth anew.
Then let us be content to leave behind us
So much ; which yet we leave not quite behind ;
For the bright memories of the holy dead,
The blessèd ones departed, shine on us
Like the pure splendours of some clear large star,
Which pilgrims, travelling onward, at their backs
Leave, and at every moment see not now ;
Yet, whensoever they list, may pause and turn,
And with its glories gild their faces still :

Or as beneath a northern sky is seen
The sunken sunset living in the west,
A tender radiance there surviving long,
Which has not faded all away, before
The flaming banners of the morn advance
Over the summits of the Orient hills.

**Prosper Thou the work of our hands upon us : O prosper
Thou our handy work.**

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

(PART.)

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

**AND thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.**

**O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.**

**Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost ;**

**As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be :
world without end. Amen.**

BAXTER.

**YE holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command ;
Assist our song,
For else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.**

**You blessed souls at rest,
Who see your Saviour's face,
Whose glory, even the least,
Is far above our grace ;**

God's praises sound,
As in His sight
With sweet delight
You do abound.

All nations of the earth,
Extol the world's great King ;
With melody and mirth
His glorious praises sing ;
For He still reigns,
And will bring low
The proudest foe
That Him disdains.

My soul, bear thou thy part,
Triumph in God above ;
And with a well tuned heart,
Sing thou the songs of love ;
Thou art His own,
Whose precious blood,
Shed for thy good,
His love made known.

i Corinthians

XV.

from verse 20.

**Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the
first-fruits of them that slept.**

EPITAPH

ON THE EARLE OF COVENTRYE.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

**SWEET Babe ! whose birth inspired me with a song,
And called my muse to trace thy dayes along,
Attending riper years, with hope to finde
Such brave endeavors of thy noble minde,
As might deserve triumphant lines, and make
My forehead bold a laurel crown to take ;
How hast thou left us, and this earthly stage ?
(Not acting many months) in tender age.
Thou cam'st into this world a little spie,
Where all things that could please the ear and eye
Were set before thee, but thou found'st them toyes,
And flew'st with scornful smiles t' eternall joyes :
No visage of grim death is sent t' affright
Thy spotlesse soule, nor darkness blinds thy sight,**

H

But lightsome angels with their golden wings,
O'erspread thy cradle, and each spirit brings
Some precious balme ; for heavenly physick meet,
To make the separation soft and sweet ;
The spark infused by God departs away,
And bids the earthly weake companion stay
With patience, in that nursery of the ground,
Where first the seeds of Adam's limbes were found :
For time shall come when these divided friends
Shall join againe, and know no severall ends,
But change this short and momentary kisse,
To strict embraces of celestial blisse.

**Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the
first-fruits of them that slept.**

FROM THE CYPRESS WREATH.

DEATH might the bonds of life unloose,
But not dissolve Christ's love ;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

Their feeble frames His power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill ;
He'll give them tongues to sing His praise,
And hands to do His will.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
alibe.

(PART.)

HENRY VAUGHAN.

O HOLY, happy, healthy Heaven,
Where all is pure, where all is even,
Plain, harmless, faithful, fair and bright,
But what earth breathes against thy light !
How blest had men been, had their sire
Lived still in league with thy chaste fire,
Nor made life long through her descents,
A slave to lustful elements !
I did once read in an old book
Soiled with many a weeping look,
That the seeds of foul sorrows be
The finest things that are, to see,
So that famed fruit which made all dye
Seemed fair unto the woman's eye,

If these supplanters in the shade
Of Paradise, could make man fade,
How in this world should they deter,
This world, their fellow murtherer !
Why then grieve we to be sent
Home, by our first fair punishment,
Without addition to our woes
And lingering wounds from weaker foes ?
Since that doth quickly freedom win,
For he that's dead, is freed from sin.

O that I were winged and free,
And quite undrest just now with Thee,
Where freed souls dwell by living fountains
On everlasting spicy mountains !
Alas my God ! take home Thy sheep ;
This world but laughs at those that weep.

In Adam all die.

F. QUARLES.

I saw him dead, I saw his body fall
Before death's dart, whom teares must not recall ;
Yet is he not so dead, but that his day
Might have been lengthened, had the untrodden way
To life been found : he might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not been.
What mine sees past, Heaven's eye foresaw to come ;
He saw how that contingent act should sum
The total of his days : His knowing eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die ;
Not so necessary, but his breath
Might be enlarged into a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that* ;
All times to Heaven are *now*, both first and last ;
He sees things present, as we see them past.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
alibe.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(PART.)

AMERICAN.

HE did but float a little way
Adown the stream of Time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening their fairy chime.

His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And putting to the shore
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way
To dwell with us no more !
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his vessel's keel,
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land

Where he was seen no more.

O stern word—Nevermore !

Full short his journey was ; no dust

Of earth unto his sandals clave :

The weary weight that old men must,

He bore not to the grave.

He seemed a cherub who had lost his way

And wandered hither, so his stay

With us was short ; and 'twas most meet

That he should be no delver in earth's clod,

Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet,

To stand before his God.

O blest word—Nevermore !

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
alibe.

BURIAL OF AN INFANT.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

BLEST infant bud, whose blossom life
Did only look about, and fall,
Wearyed out in a harmless strife
Of tears, and milk, the food of all.

Sweetly didst thou expire : thy soul
Flew home unstained by his new kin,
For ere thou knew'st how to be foul,
Death weaned thee from the world, and sin.

Softly rest all thy virgin crumbs,
Lapt in the sweets of thy young breath,
Expecting till thy Saviour comes
To dress thee, and unswaddle death.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made
alibe.

PSALM xxiii. 4.

CHURCH POETRY.

THE child alone, in trembling goes
Into the darkened room,
His timid eyes in terror close
Against the silent gloom.

But if his father go before,
And hold him by the hand,
And keep him close—he fears no more,
But boldly takes his stand.

And if he hear his father's voice
And clasp his hand the while,
His little heart can e'en rejoice,
And he can look and smile.

So let us follow to the tomb,
The steps that Jesus trod;
He's gone before, and through the gloom
He leads us to our God.

Every man in his own order, Christ the first-fruits;
afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.

(PART.)

BP. TAYLOR.

LORD, let the flames of holy charity,
And all her gifts and graces, slide
Into our hearts and there abide;
That, thus refined, we may soar above
With it unto the element of love,
Even unto Thee, dear Spirit,—
And there eternal peace and rest inherit,
Amen.

Every man in his own order, Christ the first-fruits.

F. QUARLES.

WHAT do those scourges on that sacred flesh,
 Spotless and pure ?
 Must He, that doth sin-wearied souls refresh,
 Himself endure
 Such tearing tortures ? Must those sides be gashed ?
 Those shoulders lashed ?
 Is this the trimming that the world bestows
 Upon such robes of Majesty as those ?
 Is't not enough to die, unless by pain
 Thou antedate
 Thy death beforehand, Lord ? What dost Thou mean,
 To aggravate
 The guilt of sin, or to enhance the price
 Thy sacrifice
 Amounts to ? Both are infinite I know,
 And can by no additions greater grow.

Yet dare I not imagine, that in vain

Thou didst endure

One stripe : though not Thine own thereby, my gain

Thou didst procure,

That when I shall be scourged for Thy sake,

Thy stripes may make

Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,

When I remember that Thou hast borne as much.

As much, and more for me. Come then, my heart,

And willingly

Submit thyself to suffer : smile at smart,

And death defy.

Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,

Which sets thee free.

Stripes, as the tokens of His love, He leaves,

Who scourgeth every son whom He receives.

There's foolishness bound up within the flesh :

But yet the rod

Of fatherly correction at the last,

If blessed by God,

Will drive it far away, and wisdom give,
That thou mayst live ;
Not to thyself, but Him that first was slain
And died for thee, and then rose again.

Thou art not only dull, and slow of pace,
But stubborn too,
And refractory ; ready to outface,
Rather than do
Thy duty : though thou know'st it must be so,
Thou wilt not go
The way thou shouldst, till some affliction
First set thee right, then prick and spur thee on.

Top-like thy figure and condition is,
Neither to stand,
Nor stir thyself alone, whilst thou dost miss
An helping hand
To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow
To make thee go.
Beg then thy blessed Saviour to transfer
His scourges unto thee, and make thee stir.

Afterward they that are Christ's at His coming.

HYMN FOR ADVENT.

BP. TAYLOR.

LORD, come away ;

Why dost Thou stay ?

The road is ready ; and Thy paths made straight

With longing expectations wait

The consecration of Thy beauteous feet.

Ride on triumphantly ! behold we lay

Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.

Hosanna ! welcome to our hearts : Lord, here

Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear

As that of Sion ; and as full of sin,—

Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

Enter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor ;

Crucify them, that they may never more

Profane that holy place,

Where Thou hast chose to set Thy face.

And then, if our stiff tongues should be
Mute in the praises of Thy Deity,
The stones out of the temple wall
Shall cry aloud and call
Hosanna ! and Thy glorious footsteps greet.
Amen.

He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

BUT having, by experience, understood
 His words, who say'd his troubles did him good,
 I now perceive, the worldly-rich are poore,
 Unlesse of sorrowes also, they have store.
 Till from the straw, the flaile, the corn doth beat;
 Untill the chaffe be purged from the wheat,
 Yea, till the mill the graines in pieces teare
 The richness of the flowre will scarce appeare.
 So, till men's persons great afflictions touch
 (If worth be found) their worth is not so much,
 Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
 That value which in threshing they may get.
 For till the brusing flailes of God's corrections
 Have threshed out of us our vaine affections.
 Till those corruptions which doe misbecome us,
 Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;

Untill from us, the straw of worldly treasures ;
Till all the dusty chaffe of empty pleasures ;
Yea, till His flaile upon us, He doth lay,
To thresh the huske of this our flesh away ;
And leave the soule uncovered ; nay yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poore,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire ;
But then we shall ; and that is my desire.

He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet.

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

LET me, O God, obtaine from Thee the grace,
 To be partaker of Thy blessed Passion ;
 Let me with willingnesse, Thy Crosse embrace,
 And share the comforts of Thy exaltation.
 To beare that parte, whereto I doomed am,
 My heart with strength and courage, Lord, inspire ;
 Then crucifie my flesh upon the same,
 As much as my corruption shall require.
 And when by Thy assistance, I am reared
 Above that burthen which lyes yet upon me ;
 And over all, which justly may be feared
 Shall during life-time, be inflicted on me ;
 Among those blessed soules let me be found
 Which with eternall glory shall be crowned.

Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not
the knowledge of God.

THE CHECK.

(PART.)

HENRY VAUGHAN.

VIEW thy forerunners: creatures given to be
Thy youth's companions,
Take their leave, and die; birds, beast; each tree
All that have growth or breath
Have one large language, *Death*.
O then play not! but strive to Him who can
Make these sad shades pure sun
Turning their mists to beams, their damp to day,
Whose power doth so excell
As to make clay
A spirit, and true glory dwell
In dust and stones.

Hark how He doth invite thee ! with what voice
Of love and sorrow
He begs, and calls ; *O that in these thy days*
Thou knew'st but thy own good.
Shall not the crys of bloud,
Of God's own bloud awake thee ? He bids beware
Of drunk'ness, surfeits, care,
But thou sleep'st on : where's now thy protestation,
Thy lines, thy love ? away,
Redeem the day,
The day that gives no observation.
Perhaps to-morrow.

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

TO THE LADY CREW,
ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.

HERRICK.

WHY, Madam, will you longer weep?
Your baby is but lulled asleep;
And, pretty child, feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before.
All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead;
But rather, like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

(PART.)

ELEGIAC POEMS.

SWEET corn of wheat, committed to the ground
To die, and live, and bear more precious ear,
While in the heart of earth Thy Saviour found
His place of rest, for thee we will not fear.

Sleep softly, till that blessed rain and dew,
Down lighting upon earth, such change shall bring,
That all its fields of death shall laugh anew,
Yea, with a living harvest laugh and sing.

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

THE LILY.

MRS. TIGHE.

How withered, perished, seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root !
Yet from the blight of wintry storm
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What total loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap,
The undelighted slighted thing ;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

O! many a stormy night shall close

Its gloom upon the barren earth,
While still in undisturbed repose
Uninjured lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of Hope ! delicious tear !
The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring !
Shalt from thy dark and lowly bed'
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye ;

And bear the long cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom,
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring ! shall burst the gloom.

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

R. C. TRENCH.

**THE seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low must those ears by sickle's edge be lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made,
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
O! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so ;
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungerèd.**

That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die . . .
 So also is the resurrection of the dead.

EMBLEM.

GEORGE WITHER.

I WILL not blame those grieved hearts that shed
 Becoming teares, for their departed friends ;
 Nor those who sigh out passions for the dead ;
 Since on good natures this disease attends.
 When sorrow is conceived, it must have vent
 (In sighes or moysture) or the heart will breake ;
 And much they aggravate our discontent,
 Who out of season, reason seem to speake.
 Yet, since our frailty may require we should
 Remembrances admit to keepe us from
 Excesse in griefe : this emblem here behold,
 And take such hope as may our teares become.

The wheat, although awhile it lyes in earth,
 (And seemeth lost) consumes not quite away ;
 But from that wombe receives another birth,
 And with additions, riseth from the clay.

Much more shall Man revive, whose worth is more :
For death, who from our drosse will us refine,
Unto that other life becomes the doore,
Where we in immortalitie shall shine.
When once our glasse is runne, we presently
Give up our soules to death ; so death must give
Our bodies backe againe, that we thereby
The light of life eternall may receive.
The venom'd sting of death is tooke away ;
And now the grave, that was a place of feare,
Is made a bed of rest, wherein we may
Lye downe in hope, and bide in safety there.

When we are borne, to death-ward straight we
runne ;

And by our death, our life is new begunne.

There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.

OF FLESH.

SAMUEL SPEED.

ALL flesh is grass, doth therefore rot.

For why ?

Can men be born to live and not

To die ?

'Tis happiness to leave this life

And world,

And have our names where joys are rife,

Enrolled.

The dead ne'er fear what death can do ;

His blast

Will come no more ; for why ? that woe

Is past.

Then to the soul appeareth love

And joy :

For God will not His turtle-dove

Destroy ;

When though a torchlight here, 'tis better far

To be put out, and after rise a star.

God giveth it a body, as it hath pleased Him, and to every
seed his own body.

A FUNERALL HYMNE

OUT OF PRUDENTIUS.

(PART.)

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

LET all complaintes and murmurs faile ;
 Ye tender mothers stay your teares,
 Let none their children deare bewaile,
 For life renewed in death appeares.
 So buried seeds though dry and dead,
 Againe with smiling greenenesse spring :
 And from the hollow furrowes bred,
 Attempt new eares of corne to bring.
 Earth, take this man to thine embrace,
 In thy soft bosom him conceive ;
 For humane members here I place,
 And generous parts in trust I leave.
 This house, the soule her guest once felt,
 Which from the Maker's mouth proceeds ;

Here sometime fervent wisdom dwelt,
Which Christ the Prince of Wisdom breeds.
A covering for this body make ;
The Author never will forget
His workes ; nor will those workes forsake,
In which He hath his picture set.
For when the course of time is past,
And all our hopes fulfilled shall be,
Those opening, must restore at last
The limbes in shape which now we see.
Nor if long age with powerfull reigne,
Shall turne the bones to scattered dust ;
And onely ashes shall retaine,
In compasse of a handfull thrust :
Nor if swift floods, or strong command
Of winds which empty ayre have tost
The members with the flying sand ;
Yet man is never fully lost,
O God, while mortall bodies are
Recalled by Thee and formed againe.
What happy seate wilt Thou prepare,
Where spotlesse soules may safe remaine,

In Abraham's bosome they shall lie
Like Lazarus, whose flowery crowne
The rich man doth far off espie,
While him sharpe fiery torments drowne.
Thy words, O Saviour, we respect,
Whose triumph drives black death to losse,
When in Thy steps Thou wouldst direct
The thiefe Thy fellow on the Crosse.
The faithfull see a shining way,
Whose length to Paradise extends,
This can them to those trees convey,
Lost by the serpent's cunning ends.
To Thee I pray, most certaine Guide:
O let this soule which Thee obeyed,
In her faire birth-place pure abide,
From which she banished long hath strayed.
While we upon the covered bones
Sweet violets and leaves will throw :
The title and the cold hard stones,
Shall with our liquid odours flow.

**There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the
moon, and another glory of the stars.**

ROBERT FARLEY.

**ONE candle dispels the darknesse of the night,
And many doe resemble Phœbus' light ;
One sunne illightens the round globe everywhere,
What way the horizon bounds the hemisphere ;
If you ten thousand thousand sunnes should see
At once, O what a daylight that would be !
When Christ amidst the clouds our doome shall plead,
When earth and sea shall render up their dead,
Saints more than starres at once shall mount on hye,
As glorious sunnes, to meete Christ in the skye.
That day shall drive away the darknesse so,
That after that, no day shall darknesse know.**

**It is sown in corruption ;
It is raised in incorruption.**

EPITAPH

(FOR HIMSELF).

SIR T. OVERBURY.

Now measured out my days 'tis here I rest,
That is my body, but my soul his guest
Is here ascended ; whither neither time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but only Love can climb :
Where being now enlightened she does know
The truth of all things which are talked below.
• Only this dust shall here in pawn remain,
That when the world dissolves she'll come again.

**As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we also
bear the image of the heavenly.**

**DEATH,
A DIALOGUE.**

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SOULE.

'Tis a sad land, that in one day
Hath dulled thee thus ; when death shall freeze
Thy blood to ice, and thou must stay
Tenant for yeares and centuries,
How wilt thou brook't ?

BODY.

I cannot tell,—
But if all sence wings not with thee,
And something still be left the dead,
I'le wish my curtaines off to free
Me from so dark and sad a bed ;

A neast of nights, a gloomie sphere,
Where shadowes thicken and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the yeare,
And nothing moves without a shroud ;

SOULE.

'Tis so, but as thou sawest that night
We travelled in, our first attempts
Were dull and blind, but custome straight
Our feares and falls brought to contempt ;

Then, when the gastly twelve was past,
We breathed still for a blushing east
And bad the lazie sunne make haste,
And on sure hopes though long did feast ;

But when we saw the clouds to crack
And in those cranies light appeared,
We thought the day then was not slack,
And pleased ourselves with what we feared.

Just so it is in death. But thou
Shalt in thy mother's bosome sleepe,
Whilst I each minute grone to know
How neare redemption creepes.

Then shall we meet to mixe again ; and met,
'Tis last good night, our sunne shall never set.

As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we also
bear the image of the heavenly.

F. QUARLES.

NAY, blessed Lord,
Unless Thou wilt afford
Manure, as well as tillage to Thy field,
It will not yield
That fruit which Thou expectedst it should beare.
The ground, I fear,
Will still remain
Barren of what is good : and all the grain
It will bring forth,
As of its own accord, will not be worth
The pains of gathering,
So poor a thing.

Some faint desire
That quickly will expire,
Wither and die is all Thou canst expect—
If Thou neglect

To sow it now 'tis ready, Thou shalt find
That it will bind
And harder grow,
That at the first it was. Thou must bestow
Some further cost,
Else all Thy former labour will be lost.
Mine heart no corn will breed
Without Thy seed.

Thy word is seed,
And manure too : will feed
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were
Well rooted there,
It would come on apace : O then neglect
No time : expect
No better season.
Now, now thy field, mine heart is ready, reason
Surrenders now ;
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,
And mine affections are
Tamer by far.

Lord, I have lain
Barren too long, and fain
I would redeem the time, that I may be
Fruitful to Thee ;
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,
Ere I go hence :
That when I come
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home,
Thine angels may
My soul in Thy celestial garner lay,
Where perfect joy and bliss
Eternal is.

If to entreat
A crop of purest wheat,
A blessing too transcendent should appear
For me to hear,
Lord, make me what Thou wilt, so Thou wilt take
What Thou dost make,
And not disdain
To house me, though among Thy coarsest grain ;

So I may be
Laid with the gleanings gathered by Thee,
When the full sheaves are spent,
I am content.

**As we have borne the image of the earthy, so shall we also
bear the image of the heavenly.**

MOULTRIE.

**YES !—we are sons of God, though still beset
By sorrow and infirmity and sin,
Fightings without, and grievous fears within ;
And oft with bitter tears our cheeks are wet.
Such are we now ; nor may we guess as yet
What we shall be, when (this world's stormy din
Once ended) we our final rest shall win,
Where souls redeemed all earthly griefs forget :
But this we know, that when He shall appear
Who is our life—whatever change shall be
In these frail bodies we inhabit here—
In these weak souls not yet from bondage free—
We shall be like Him—since, unveiled and near,
Even as He is, our Master we shall see.**

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

ASCENSION HYMN.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Dust and clay
 Man's ancient wear !
 Here you must stay,
 But I elsewhere ;
 Souls sojourn here, but may not rest ;
 Who will ascend, must be undrest.

And yet some
 That know to die
 Before death come,
 Walk to the skie
 Even in this life ; but all such can
 Leave behinde them the old man.

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after fall ; for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

Man of old
Within the line
Of Eden could
Like the sun shine
All naked innocent and bright,
And intimate with Heav'n, as light ;

But since he
That brightness soil'd,
His garments be
All dark and spoil'd,
And here are left as nothing worth,
Till the Refiner's fire breaks forth.

Then comes He !
Whose mighty light

Made His cloathes be
Like heaven all bright ;
The Fuller, whose pure blood did flow
To make stain'd man more white than snow.

He alone,
And none else can,
Bring bone to bone,
And rebuild man,
And by His all subduing might
Make clay ascend more quick than light.

**We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed
And the dead shall be raised incorruptible.**

EPITAPH.

To pious souls death only is a strait,
A short dark passage to a future state
Of endless life. Their ashes in the grave,
No prison, but a sanctuary have ;
Till pure and more refined the just shall rise,
 With bodies light
As air ; than plume more bright,
Bodies fit for such souls ; souls for such joys.

~~We~~ shall be changed.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

I.

WHERE hast thou touched, O wondrous Death !
Where thou hast come between,
Lo ! there for ever perisheth
The common and the mean.

II.

No little flaw, or trivial speck
Doth any more appear,
And cannot from this time, to fleck
Love's perfect image clear.

III.

Clear stands Love's perfect image now,
And shall do evermore,
And we in awe and wonder bow
The glorified before.

And the dead shall be raised incorruptible.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

COME, come, what doe I here ?

**Since he is gone,
Each day is grown a dozen year,
And each houre one ;
 Come, come !
Cut off the sum,
By these soiled teares !
(Which only Thou
Know'st to be true,)
Dayes are my feares.**

**There's not a wind can stir,
Or beame passe by,
But straight I think (though far)
Thy hand is nigh ;
 Come, come !
Strike these lips dumb :**

This restless breath
That soiles Thy name,
Will ne'er be tame
Untill in death.

Perhaps some think a tombe
No house of store,
But a dark and sealed up wombe,
Which ne'er breeds more.
Come, come !
Such thoughts benumb ;
But I would be
With Him I weep
A-bed ; and sleep
To wake in Thee.

And the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

(PART.)

SIR H. WOTTON.

THOU then our strength, Father of life and death,
 To whom our thanks, our vows, ourselves we owe,
 From me the tenant of this fading breath,
 Accept those lines which from Thy goodness flow :
 And Thou that wert Thy regal Prophet's muse,
 Do not Thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

Let these poor notes ascend unto Thy throne,
 Where majesty doth sit with mercy crowned,
 Where my Redeemer lives, with whom alone
 The errors of my wandering life are drowned :
 Where all the quire of heaven resound the same,
 That only Thine, Thine is the saving name.

Well then my soul, joy in the midst of pain :
 Thy Christ that conquered hell, shall from above
 With greater triumph yet return again,
 And conquer His own justice with His love ;

Commanding earth and seas to render those
Unto His bliss, for whom He paid His woes.

Now I have done : now are my thoughts at peace ;
And now my joys are stronger than my grief :
I feel those comforts that shall never cease,
Future in hope, but present in belief.

Thy words are true, Thy promises are just,
And Thou wilt find Thy dearly bought, in dust.

The dead shall be raised incorruptible.

BURIAL.

(PART.)

HENRY VAUGHAN.

O THOU! the first-fruits of the dead,

And their dark bed,

When I am cast into that deep

And senseless sleep

The wages of my sinne.

O then,

Thou great Preserver of all men!

Watch o'er that loose

And empty house,

Which I sometime lived in.

It is (in truth) a ruined piece

Not worth Thy eyes,

And scarce a room but wind and rain

Beat through, and stain

The seats and cells within ;
Yet Thou
Led by Thy love, wouldst stoop thus low,
And in this cott
(All filth and spot,)
Didst with Thy servant inne.

But nothing can, I hourelly see,
Drive Thee from me ;
Thou art the same, faithfull and just,
In life, or dust :
Though then (thus crumm'd) I stray
In blasts
Of exhalations, and wastes
Beyond all eies,
Yet Thy love spies
That change, and knows my clay.

This corruptible must put on incorruption.

"MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?"

MRS. GILMAN.

"MOTHER, how still the baby lies !

I cannot hear his breath ;

I cannot see his laughing eyes—

They tell me this is death.

"My little work I thought to bring,

And sat down by his bed,

And pleasantly I tried to sing,—

They hushed me,—he is dead.

"They say that he again will rise,

More beautiful than now ;

That God will bless him in the skies,—

O mother, tell me how ?"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,

The cold, dark thing you brought,

And laid upon the casement here,—

A withered worm, you thought ?

“I told you that Almighty power
 Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
 Something would please you well.

“Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
 An empty shell it lies ;
Now raise your wandering glance above,
 To where yon insect flies !”

“O yes, Mamma ! how very gay
 Its wings of starry gold !
And see ! it highly flies away
 Beyond my gentle hold.

“O Mother, now I know full well,
 If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell
 On golden wings to range—

“How beautiful will brother be,
 When God shall give *him* wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
 And live with heavenly things !”

So when . . . this mortal shall have put on immortality,
 then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written,
 Death is swallowed up in victory.

THE CHOIR.

(PART.)

I. WILLIAMS.

MEN.

GLORY be to God on high,
 Where the loved and lost ones meet
 Safe beneath the Saviour's feet :
 Faces dear 'tis now ye smile,
 Ye whom I have missed awhile,
 Missing you I long have hung
 Downcast, silent and unstrung,
 And faint and feeble is the strain
 I e'er shall wake again,
 Until I join your lays beyond the reach of pain.

ANGELS.

Peace be upon earth below !
Seek ye mourners for release ?
Here behold the cup of peace !
Here with your poor fleshly ties,
Are divinest sympathies ;
Though hid a little while from sight,
These spirits soft that cheered your night,
They are but gone like stars of morn,
Before the sun is born,
Still near you, though unseen, His temple they
adorn.

MEN AND ANGELS.

Good will to man from God above !
Though death doth raise his veil between,
Yet in them, and them in Thee,
We solemnize awhile unseen,
And soon the cleansed sight shall see—
The Church dwells here a sufferer still,
Yet born of heavenly birth,

Her nurture is of heavenly food, until
Her stature fills the sky, while she doth walk on
earth.

ANGELS.

Peace be upon earth below !
Shape of woe ! if form that be
Which is but deformity,
Death, the gloomy king of tears
Waited on by spectral fears,
Now thy dark illumined shade
Is in hope a solemn glade
That leadeth to the place of God—
Christ is the staff and rod ;
His presence lights the vale which He Himself hath
trod.

MEN AND ANGELS.

Good will to man from God above :
The light breaks forth on shapes afar
That darkly thronged life's closing gate,
And there keeps watch a gleaming star,
Where dismal shadows seem to wait ;

As clouds along the bending sky,
Like mountains piled on high,
When lo ! Thy gentle gale Thou biddest to blow
And into empty air before Thy breath they go.

MEN.

Glory be to God on high !
God hath risen, and bent His bow ;
Lo ! before His face they go,
Discontent with fretting chain,
Sin and sorrow, shame and pain,
To night's jail they troop away,
Like mists before the rising day,
Which long hath climbed concealed from sight ;
Then from some mountain height,
Majestically breaks upon the rear of night.

ANGELS.

Peace be upon earth below ;
Here there is a living cup—
Wells of water springing up
Unto life that cannot die,—
The pledge of immortality ;

'Tis a fount of heavenly strength
A sea of love with breadth and length
Proportioned to the undying soul,—
The spirit of controul
Which takes the reins of thought, and urges to the
goal.

MEN AND ANGELS.

Good will to man from God above :
The bending heavens have brought Him down,
From out their heights of highest height,
The exiled wanderer to own ;
The abysses of the Infinite
Are all about Him ; seas and sky
Of glory, ear and eye
Cannot discern, nor speak the mortal tongue,
But in the heart's deep home the spirit hath a song.

Good will to man from God above !
Jesus hath left His flock below,
And gone into the mount to pray
For His disciples, left to go
Without Him, on the stormy way ;

They, when the storm their souls shall try,
Shall see Him walking nigh,
And find anon upon the heavenly shore,
Where they shall go from Him on stormy waves
no more.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

EASTER DAY.

CRASHAW.

RISE, heir of fresh eternity,
 From thy virgin tomb :
Rise, mighty Man of wonders, and Thy world with
 Thee,
 Thy tomb, the universal east,
 Nature's new womb,—
Thy tomb, fair immortality's perfumed nest ;

Of all the glories, make noon gay,
 This is the morn :
This rock buds forth the fountain of the streams of
 day :
In joy's white annals lives this hour
 When life was born ;
No cloud scowl on his radiant lids, no tempest lowr.

Life by this Light's nativity,
All creatures have,
Death only by this day's just doom is forced to die :
Nor is death forced ; for he may lie
Throned in Thy grave :
Death will on this condition be content to die.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

T. WHITEHEAD.

O DEATH ! thou keen, insulting enemy ;
Here kneeling lonely in this desolate room,
I have prayed sore to be avenged of thee
For this thy cruel deed ; and from the gloom
Of the dark entrance-chamber of the tomb
Now go I forth once more, from this sharp hour,
To fight against thee, baffling manfully
With that fell prince who gives thee all thy power ;
And mighty is the arm that strengthens me.
Yet should I falter, and in conflict cower,
To hide my bleeding heart, O ! then the thought
Of that sweet victim ravished from my side,
And Him who to redeem Thy captives died,
Shall nerve my soul to combat as I ought.

Death is swallowed up in victory.

KIRKE WHITE.

YEA, He doth come,—the mighty Champion comes,
 Whose potent spear shall give thee thy death-wound,
 Shall crush the conqueror of conquerors,
 And desolate stern desolation's lord.
 Lo where He cometh! the Messiah comes!
 The King! the Comforter! the Christ! He comes
 To burst the bonds of death, and overturn
 The power of time. Hark! the trumpet's blast
 Rings o'er the heavens! They rise, the myriads rise—
 Even from their graves they spring, and burst the
 chains
 Of torpor. He has ransomed them.

M

Death is swallowed up in victory.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

R. C. TRENCH.

A PAGAN king tormented fiercely all
Who would not on his senseless idols call,
Nor worship them :—and him were brought before,
A mother and her child, with many more.
The child, fast bound, was flung into the flame,
Her faith the mother did in fear disclaim :
But when she cried—“ O sweetest ! live as I,”
He answered—“ Mother dear, I do not die ;
Come, mother, bliss of heaven is here my gain,
Although I seem to you in fiery pain.
This fire serves only for your eyes to cheat,
Like Jesus’ breath of balm ’tis cool and sweet.
Come—learn what riches with our God are stored,
And how He feeds me at the angelic board.
Come, prove this fire—like water-floods it cools,
While your world’s water burns like sulphur pools.

Come—Abraham's secret, when he found alone
Sweet roses in the furnace, here is known.
Into a world of death thou barest me,
O mother, death, not life, I owed to thee.
Fair world I deemed it once of glorious pride,
Till in this furnace I was deified ;
But now I know it for a dungeon tomb,
Since God has brought me into larger room.
O! now at length I live—from my pure heaven
Each cloud, that stained it once, away is driven :
Come, mother, come, and with thee many bring ;
Cry, ' Here is spread the banquet of the King ;'
Come, all ye faithful—come, and dare to prove
The bitter-sweet, the pain and bliss of love."

So cried the child unto that crowd of men ;
All hearts with fiery longings kindled then ;
Toward the pile they headlong rushing came,
And soon their souls fed sweetly on the flame.

☉ Death, where is thy sting?

DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

G. HERBERT.

CHRISTIAN.

DEATH.

- C. ALAS, poor Death! where is thy glory?
Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting?
- D. Alas, poor mortal, void of story!
Go spell, and read how I have killed thy King.
- C. Poor Death! and who was hurt thereby?
Thy curse, being laid on Him, makes thee accursed.
- D. Let losers talk: yet thou shalt die.
These arms shall crush thee. C. Spare not; do thy worst.
- I shall be one day better than before:
Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

☉ Death, where is thy sting?

DEATH.

BP. TAYLOR.

DEATH, the old serpent's son,
 Thou hadst a sting once, like thy sire,
 That carried hell, and ever-burning fire :—
 But those black days are done ;
 Thy foolish spite buried thy sting
 In the profound and wide
 Wound in our Saviour's side :
 And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing,
 A thing we dare not fear,—
 Since we hear,
 That our triumphant God to punish thee
 For the affront thou didst Him on the tree,
 Hath snatched the keys of hell out of thine hand,
 And made thee stand
 A porter to the gate of Life, thy mortal enemy.
 O Thou, who art that gate, command that he
 May, when we die,
 And thither fly,
 Let us into the courts of Heaven through Thee !
 Hallelujah !

☉ death, where is thy sting?
 ☉ grave, where is thy victory?

A WALK IN A CHURCH-YARD.

R. C. TRENCH.

I.

WE walked within the Church-yard bounds,
 My little boy and I—
 He laughing, running happy rounds,
 I pacing mournfully.

II.

“Nay, child! it is not well,” I said,
 “Among the graves to shout,
 To laugh and play among the dead,
 And make this noisy rout.”

III.

A moment to my side he clung,
 Leaving his merry play,
 A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
 Almost as hushed as they.

IV.

Then, quite forgetting the command
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

V.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before
Even in that moment's space :

VI.

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of church-yard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

VII.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
As freely as elsewhere ;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

VIII.

And formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

IX.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone—
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a grey head-stone.

X.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,

XI.

If our one wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

XII.

O no, the glory Earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judged aright,)

XIII.

A triumph won o'er sin and death,
From these the Saviour saves ;
And, like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

**Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.**

CHARLES WESLEY.

**BLESSING, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee :
Thou, in Thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory ;
True and faithful to Thy word,
Thou hast glorified Thy Son,
Jesus Christ, our dying Lord,
He for us the fight hath won.**

**Lo ! the prisoner is released,
Lightened of his fleshly load :
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gathered into God !
Lo ! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er ;
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.**

Yes! the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife ;
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up of life !
Borne by angels on their wings,
Far from earth the spirit flies,
Finds his God, and sits, and sings,
Triumphing in Paradise.

Join we then, with one accord,
In the new, the joyful song ;
Absent from our loving Lord
We shall not continue long :
We shall quit the house of clay,
We a better lot shall share ;
We shall see the realms of day,
Meet our happy brother there.

Let the world bewail their dead,
Fondly of their loss complain ;
Brother, friend, by Jesus freed,
Death to thee, to us, is gain :

Thou art entered into joy ;
Let the unbelievers mourn ;
We in songs our lives employ,
Till we all to God return.



Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

MILTON.

. . . ON Me let Death wreak all his rage ;
Under his gloomy power I shall not long
Lie vanquished ; Thou hast given me to possess
Life in myself for ever ; by Thee I live,
Though now to death I yield, and am his due
All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave Me in the loathsome grave
His prey, nor suffer My unspotted soul
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;
Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed.
I through the ample air in triumph high
Shall lead hell captive, maugre hell, and show

The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
Pleased, out of Heaven shall look down and smile ;
While by Thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :
Then, with the multitude of My redeemed,
Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,
Father, to see Thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
And reconciliation ; wrath shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in Thy presence joy entire.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

EASTER HYMN.

S. M. WARING.

JESUS died :—what night descended,

O'er the conflict there begun !

JESUS lives !—the fight is ended ;

And the victory is won !

Awful was that closing day ;

But how bright the morning ray !

JESUS died :—come, where He's lying

Odorous gums and spices bring.

JESUS lives !—go seek the dying

With a sweeter offering ;

There infuse the holy trust

That embalms the slumbering dust.

Jesus died :—our debt's full measure
Those unsparing veins supplied.
Jesus lives !—for lo, that treasure
Bought immortal life beside !
Be our souls—that prize in view—
Steadfast unto suffering too.

Jesus died :—'twas He drank deepest
Of the woes that grieve us now.
Jesus lives !—O thou who weepst,
Hark, He says, “ Why weepest Thou ? ”
Gilead's fragrant bleeding tree
Sheds its tears of balm for thee.

Jesus died :—o'er sin that slays us
Thence must all our victory flow.
Jesus lives !—O Saviour, raise us
To Thy life, e'en here below.
Raise us, when the combat's o'er,
To be with Thee evermore.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

HOPE.

(PART.)

FAITHFULL TEATE.

WHAT though mine haven, Heaven lye
Beyond the dead sea? what though I
Decease? mine hope shall never dye,
Never decay.

What though I walk through the vale of teares?
Hope is a staff that ever bears;
Hope is a rod chasing my feares
Guiding my way.

Therefore my dying tongue shall sing;
Yea even my flesh that fading thing
Shall rest in Hope for that day-spring
All the night of death.

N

And when I lay my weary head
And bones in the grave as in a bed,
Let not the mourner say he's dead,
But slumbereth.

Yet bonie death sometimes looks in
Bringing a list of all my sin
Pinching mine hope, till it looks thin
And's like to die :

Death, in my very face doth stare
So ghastly, as if't meant to scare
And fright mine hope into despair,
While sin stands bye.

Oh Conscience ! Conscience ! when I look
Into thy register, thy book,
What corner of my heart, what nook
Stands clear of sin ?
And though my skin feels soft and sleek,
Scarce can I touch my chin and cheek
But I can feel death's jaw-bone prick
Ev'n through my skin.

Yet why art thus cast down, my soule ?
Hope still in God, and on Him roule :
If Heaven smile, what though Death scowle,
And Conscience loure.

A book of my dear Christ's I have
By which I look my God will save
My soule from sin, my flesh from grave,
And from Death's power.

O Death, where is thy victory ?
That I might live, my Lord did dye ;
He fled thee not, but made thee flie,
Having drawn thy sting.
Thou hadst of teeth a double row,
Till Christ by's Cross took thee a blow
When fastening on Him. But thou'rt now
A toothless thing.

Well maist thou bark, but can't not bite,
Bending thy brow, shewing thy spight :
Death, do thy worst : Hope sets me quite
Beyond thy spleen.

What though my death seems written in
The very parchment of my skin
With the black ink of my foul sin ;
Yet have I seen

On both hands of a Friend once slain,
But since returned to life again,
A better story printed plain,
My sight's but dim ;
Yet in the print o' the nailes I see
Life in a Saviour's hands for mee,
Whilst as He hung upon the tree,
Hope hangs on Him,

And still shall hang on Him untill
My bones have learnt to climbe that hill
Where now He sits, and whence He will
Yet come down hither,
That He may gather into one
Each dust of His and scattered bone ;
Then shall He, as a living stone,
Translate me thither.

And now, my Lord, what wait I for,
Standing and knocking at Thy door?
I stand and knock at the door of Hope
Till knocking makes the door stand ope.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

ASCENSION DAY.

GEORGE WITHER.

To God, with heart and chearefull voice,
A triumph song we sing ;
And with true thankfull heartes rejoyce,
In our Almighty King ;
Yea to His glory we record,
(Who were but dust and clay)
What honour He did us afford,
On His ascending day.

The humane nature, which of late,
Beneath the angels was ;
Now raised from that meaner state,
Above them hath a place :
And at man's feet all creatures bow,
Which through the whole world be ;
For at God's right hand throned now,
In glory sitteth He.

Our Lord and Brother, who hath on
Such flesh, as this we weare,
Before us into Heaven is gone,
To get us places there ;
Captivitie was captived then,
And He doth from above,
Sende ghostly presents downe to men,
For tokens of His love.

Each doore and everlasting gate,
To Him hath lifted beene ;
And in a glorious wise thereat,
Our King is entred in ;
Whom if to follow we regard,
With ease we safely may ;
For, He hath all the meanes prepared
And made an open way.

Then follow, follow on apace,
And let us not forgoe
Our Captaine, till we win the place,
That He hath scaled unto :

And for His honour, let our voice
A shout so heartie make,
The heavens may at our mirth rejoyce,
And earth and hell may shake.

The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.
 But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory
 through our Lord Jesus Christ.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

O LORD! to-day, for Thy dear sake,
 Our souls to glad thanksgiving wake :
 In all Thy faithful hearts below
 Bid joys of spring eternal grow,
 And every primal curse grow light
 By thinking on Thy blest birthnight.

“In sorrow shalt thou toil for bread :”
 So upon man the doom was said,
 To labouring men amid the field
 First was the holy Babe revealed ;
 And labor now shall lighter be,
 So soothed and hallowed, Lord, by Thee.

“In sorrow shalt thou children bear,”
 Of such a doom is woman heir ;

But God by that one glorious birth,
Our nature took, and dwelt on earth ;
Mothers no more their pangs shall blame
By which the world's Redeemer came.

“ Ye for your sins shall surely die :”
All men beneath this sentence lie ;
But He who came this day to save,—
He fought with Death, He burst the grave ;
And when He vanquished in that strife
Then Death became the gate of life.

O Lightener of our daily load !
O Guide on our eternal road !
O Offering for the guilty soul !
O strong to make the sinner whole !
O born sin's curses to remove,
Teach us, blest Saviour, teach Thy love.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through
our Lord Jesus Christ.

— “IT IS I : BE NOT AFRAID.”

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

WHEN I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or delayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,
“ ’Tis I ; be not afraid ! ”

Or, startled at some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
“ Fear not, it is but I ! ” shall flow
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit Thy way, though foes
Some onward pass defend ;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,
“ Be not afraid ! . . . a friend ! ”

And O ! when judgment’s trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear,
“ ’Tis Christ ! He comes to save.”

**Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work
of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is
not in vain in the Lord.**

FROM "SACRED POETRY."

**BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest ;
Watch for the day, Christian,
When the night is longest ;
Onward and onward still,
Be thine endeavour ;
The rest that remaineth,
Will be for ever.**

**Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee :
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee :**

He who hath promised,
Faltereth never ;
The love of eternity,
Flows on for ever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth :
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever :
Mount, when thy work is done,
Praise Him for ever.

Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work
of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labour is not
in vain in the Lord.

FAITH.

(PART.)

FAITHFULL TEATE.

If Thou wouldst please
Me better, work me more,
Said Faith ; 'tis ease
Only, that makes me poore.
But I do use to bid my workmen eat,
Said I : deare Faith, inform me what's thy
meate ?

The carefull foot,
That walks by Scripture leaves,
Shall find this root,
Which happy who receives ;
So nutritive, antidotive and good,
Who feeds on it, needs scarce fear any food.

Prove that thou art
A pilgrim ; daily dye ;
Of death get the start
And live eternally.
I that in Abraham's heart dwelt many a day,
To Abraham's bosome now showe thee the way.

Feare always. Yet
Faint never : Eye the cloud
That doth beset
Thee, that triumphant crowd ;
Look unto Jesus ; watch th' word of command,
Which, when thou hast done all these things,
is, Stand.

Sentences and Prayers.

Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.

DEATH.

SPENSER.

Is't not God's deed whatever thing is done
In Heaven and earth? Did not He all create
To die again? all ends that was begunne :
Their times in His eternal bookes of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date,
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state?
Or shun the death ordained by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none ask whence or
why.

Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

I.

O LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
O grave, where all things flow,
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,
With your great weight of woe.

II.

Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
Though bosoms torn may be,
Yet suffering is a holy thing—
Without it what were we ?

Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live,
and is full of misery.

EMBLEM.

GEORGE WITHER.

THIS infant, and this little trusse of hay,
When they are moralized seeme to say,
That flesh is but a tuft of morning grasse,
Both greene, and withered, ere the daylight passe.
And such we truly find it ; for behold,
As soone as man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In griefes, in sorrowes, in necessities ;
And withers every houre, untill hee dyes :
Now flourishing, as grasse when it is growne,
Straight perishing, as grass when it is mowne.

If wee with other things, man's age compare,
His life is but a day (for equalled are
His yeares with houres ; his monthes with minutes bee
Fit parallels ; and every breathing, wee
May terme a day) yet, some, even at night
Of that short day are dead, and withered quite.

Before the morning of our lives bee done,
The flesh oft fades : sometime it growes till noone :
But there's no mortall flesh that will abide
Unparched longer, than, till evening tide.
For in itselfe, it always carries that,
Which helpeth so, itselfe to ruinate ;
That, though it feele nor storme nor scorching flame,
An inbred canker, will consume the same.
Considering well, and well remembering this,
Account the flesh no better than it is :
Wrong not thine everlasting soule, to cherish
A gourd, which in a moment's time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading crops ;
But, for hay-harvest, lose not better hopes.

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

**THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.**

**"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."**

**He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.**

“ My Lord hath need of these flowrets gay,”

The Reaper said, and smiled ;

“ Dear tokens of the earth are they,

Where He was once a child.

“ They shall all bloom in fields of light,

Transplanted by my care,

And saints, upon their garments white,

These sacred blossoms wear.”

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,

The flowers she most did love ;

She knew she should find them all again

In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,

The Reaper came that day ;

’Twas an angel visited the green earth,

And took the flowers away.

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

A JEWISH APOLOGUE.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

I.

**Up and down his gardens paced a King,
In the blessèd season of the spring.**

II.

**Lovely flowrets there by him were seen
In their earliest bud and blossoming.**

III.

**How should he those lovely flowrets pull,
Half whose glory lay a hidden thing?**

IV:

**When a few short days were gone, again
Visited his garden-plots the King :**

V.

And those flowers, so dewy, fresh, and fair,
Brighter than the brightest insect's wing,

VI.

Each was hanging now its drooping head,
Each lay now a wan discoloured thing ;

VII.

And he thought, their scent and sweetness I
Had rejoiced in, earlier gathering.

VIII.

So when in his gardens of delight
Did that Monarch pace another spring,

IX.

And the folded buds again admired,
That did round them fragrant odour fling,

X.

He with timely hand prevented now
The sad season of their withering.

XI.

Culled them in the glory of their prime,
Ere their fresh delight had taken wing,

XII.

Culled the young and beautiful, and laid
In his bosom gently, home to bring.

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

SIC VITA.

SIMON WASTELL.

LIKE as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,
E'en such is man—whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done ;—
 The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
 The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
 The sun sets, the shadow flies,
 The gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,

Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man—who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life or death—
 The grass withers, the tale is ended,
 The bird is flown, the dew's descended,
 The hour is short, the span's not long,
 The swan's near death—man's life is done.

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

TO DAFFODILS.

HERRICK.

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early rising sun
 Has not attained his noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run,
 But to the even-song :
 And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along.

We have short time as you to stay,
 We have as short a spring :
 As quick a growth to meet decay
 As you or anything.
 We die

As your hours do, and dry
 Away,
Like to the summer's rain :
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

DRUMMOND.

Look how the flower, which lingeringly doth fade,
 The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
 Spoiled of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
 As high as it did raise, bows low the head.
 Right so my life, (contentments being dead,
 Or in their contraries but only seen)
 With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
 And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
 As doth the pilgrim therefore whom the night
 By darkness would imprison on his way,
 Think on thy home, (my soul) and think aright,
 Of what yet rests thee of life's wasting day :
 Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
 And twice it is not given thee to be born.

**He fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one
stay.**

"THIS ALSO SHALL PASS AWAY."

B. D. WINSLOW.

**WHEN morning sunbeams round me shed
Their light and influence blest ;
When flowery paths before me spread,
And life in smiles is drest :
In darkling lines, that dim each ray,
I read, " This too shall pass away."**

**When murky clouds o'erhang the sky
Far down the vale of years,
And vainly looks the tearful eye,
Where not a hope appears :
Lo ! characters of glory play
Mid shades—" This too shall pass away."**

P

•

Blest words, that temper pleasure's beam,
And lighten sorrow's gloom ;
That early sadden youth's bright dream,
And cheer the old man's tomb ;
Unto that world be ye my stay—
The world which shall not pass away.

•

And neber continueth in one stay.

MORTALITIE.

SAMUEL SPEED.

LORD, what a shadow is the life of man !
A nothing, less then is a little span.
Just as a bird when as it takes its flight
From off the owner's hand is out of sight.
' Our present time is as a fading flower,
A flying minute, or a running hour.
The time to come, after the present's fled,
Uncertain is ; next sun may see us dead.
Lord, in this hour, O make me sure of Thee,
Lest in the next I miss felicitie.

And neber continueth in one stay.

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

R. SOUTHWELL.

I.

THE lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower :
 The sorriest wight may find release from pain ;
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
 Times go by turns : and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

II.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow,
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb :
 Her tides have equal times to come and go,
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web :
 No joy so great but runneth to an end :
 No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

III.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring ;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day,
The saddest birds a season find to sing :
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay,
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That men may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

In the midst of life we are in death.

VIRTUE.

G. HERBERT.

SWEET Day ! so cool, so calm, so bright :
 The bridal of the earth and sky :
 The dew shall weep thy fall to night ;—
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
 Thy root is ever in its grave ;—
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
 A box, where sweets compacted lie ;
 My music shows ye have your closes :—
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
 But tho' the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

In the midst of life we are in death.

EMBLEM.

GEORGE WITHER.

WHY, with a trembling faintnesse, should we feare
The face of death ? and fondly linger here,
As if we thought the voyage to be gone
Lay through the shades of Styx or Acheron ?
Or, that we either were to travell downe
To uncouth deapthes, or up some heights unknowne :
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther than earth's limits doe extend.

It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where Death lets in, as it is any whither :
No, not by halfe so farre, as to your bed ;
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head ;
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This emblem shewes (if well you looke thereon)
That, from your glasse of life, which is to runne,

There's but one step to death ; and that you tread
At once, among the living and the dead.

In whatsoever land we live or die,
God is the same ; and Heaven is there as nigh
As in that place we most desire
Our soules, with our last breathing, to expire.
Which things well heeding ; let us not delay
Our journey, when we summoned are away,
(As those enforced pilgrims use to doe,
That know not whither, nor how farre they goe)
Nor let us dreame that we in time or place,
Are farre from ending our uncertaine race.
But let us fixe on Heaven a faithfull eye,
And, still be flying thither, till wee die.

In the midst of life we are in death.

MORTIFICATION.

G. HERBERT.

How soon doth man decay !—
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way ;
Those clouts are little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys first go to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
Makes them not dead.
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company ;

That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes :
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak ;
A chair or litter shows the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And drest his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death !

In the midst of life we are in death.

HENRY DELAUNE.

EARLY set forth to your eternal race :

Th' ascent is steep and craggy you must climb ;
 God, at all times, has promised sinners grace
 If they repent ; but He ne'er promised *time*.

Cheat not yourselves, as most ; who then prepare
 For death, when life is almost turned to fume :
 One thief was saved that no man might despair ;
 And *but one* thief that no man might presume.

Wealth, honour, friends, wife, children, kindred, all
 We so much doat on, and wherein we trust,
 Are withering gourds, blossoms that fade and
 fall ;
 Landscapes in water, and deeds drawn in dust.

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,
Who like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Closed up by death, before the day was done !

Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord,
who for our sins art justly displeased?

HEBREWS xiii. 5.

W. C.

AND wilt Thou never leave us? shall we walk
This earth, all reckless of its pain and ill?
And though the pestilence at noonday stalk,
Will Thine own arm be near to shield us still?

O God! I thank Thee for those words of love;
The orphan blesses Thee with tearful eye,
The widowed hearts, that in bereavement prove,
How poor the solace fondest friends supply.

Clasp then with joy, and smile amid their gloom,
With dauntless steps the pilgrims onward press,
Life's fancied ills a holier guise assume,
And roses bloom along the wilderness.

Pain is not evil;—sickness but to lead
Our wandering thoughts to centre in the sky:
Does not the father, when the child doth heed
The charmer's voice, that charmeth cunningly—

In fondness smite him? When on some dear breast
We lean in confidence, and Thee betray,
Thou tak'st that gentle spirit to Thy rest,
And bidst us seek a more abiding stay.

Thus make us know, O Lord! that all is frail;
Thus teach our hearts on Thee their cares to
fling;

Thus bid the whirlwind or the storm prevail,
If these can turn us to Thy sheltering wing.

O who would gladly change for strength and pride
That joy in weakness happy children prove,
Who cling midst danger to a father's side,
And feel his strong defence, and own his love!

Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord?



c.

DRAW nigh unto my soul
 O Holiest, draw nigh;
 For I have wants within which Thou
 Alone canst satisfy :
 O deign to commune with me as I kneel;
 Thy glory in my inmost soul reveal.

 Thou speakest in Thy works ;
 But wondrous though they be,
 They have no voice to utter forth
 Jesus has died for me :
 They show Thy goodness and Thy power divine,
 But O ! they cannot tell me Thou art mine.

 Nor is it, Lord, enough
 To see Thine Image glow,
 Reflected in Thy chosen ones
 Militant here below :

Thyself alone can satisfy the heart,
Thou art the only friend Death cannot part.

Pleasant it is to stand
Within Thy temples fair,
To hear Thy ministers proclaim
That thou dost meet us there ;—
To kneel before Thine Altar and partake
The Sacramental food, for Jesu's sake.

But pain and death will come ;
And then, O God, for me
Can Anthem, Litany, and Prayer
In aught availing be ?
The melodies that float through choir and aisle,
While cold in dust my head shall rest the while.

Draw near and condescend
To take up Thine abode
Within this sinful heart, and dwell
An ever present God.
Must I not be alone with Thee at last ?
O let my life be in Thy presence passed.

Father, my soul would be
Like a transparent haze,
Through which Thy Deity should pour
Its sanctifying rays.
Lord, fill me with Thy fulness ; give me grace
To commune with Jehovah face to face.

Reveal Thyself e'en now
Within that inmost bound
Where the Immortal Essence dwells
In solitude profound ;
Where thought is lost, and strong emotions keep
Their ceaseless watch above the mystery deep.

Do with me what Thou wilt,
Low at Thy feet I fall ;
Absorb me in Thyself ; be Thou,
Father, my all in all :
Shew me the glorious beauty that is Thine,
And the deep lowliness that should be mine.

Of whom may we seek for succour, but of Thee, O Lord?

TO ONE BEREAVED OF MANY
RELATIVES.

C. E.

THOU hast laid up so many treasures there,
Where there is no more sorrow, no more pain,
That I esteem thee rich in heavenly gain,
E'en by the loss of those who dearest were.
O! while thy deepest, tenderest thoughts they share,
When, sad and desolate, thou sighest in vain
Their voice to hear, their smile to meet again,
Pour out thy heart, pour out thy griefs in prayer!
That blest employ will reunite thy soul
With those whose adorations never cease:
That hallowed intercourse each grief controul,
And o'er thy bosom shed celestial peace.
Though powerless human sympathy be found,
Sweet converse with thy God can heal each wound.

In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek
for succour, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art
justly displeased?

(PART.)

FROM HICKES' DEVOTIONS.

I.

As our shorter day of light,
Our day of life posts on,
Both show a long course to the sight;
But both are quickly run.

II.

Both have their night, and when that spreads
Its black wing o'er the day,
There's no more work; all take their beds
Of feathers, or of clay.

III.

The sun now hastes to hide his face,
And make way for the moon;
So shall our life once end its race,
As sure, perhaps as soon.

IV.

Choose, then, before it be too late :
For choice with life will end.
Remember, on thy choice, thy fate,
Thy good or ill depend.

V.

Thy life and death, O Christ, I choose,
Who livedst and diedst for me :
O do not Thou this grace refuse,
Thine let me ever be.

VI.

That so my praises I may bring,
Whene'er I come to die :
And may with Thy bright Angels sing
Glory to God on high.

VII.

Glory to the great Father be :
Glory to Christ the Son :
Glory to the Spirit : the Three
And undivided One.

**Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O
holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the
bitter pains of eternal death.**

(PART.)

BP. TAYLOR.

GLORIOUS God of day and night,
Spring of eternal light,
Hallelujahs, hymns, and psalms,
And coronets and palms,
Fill Thy temple evermore.
O mighty God,
Let not Thy bruising rod
Crush our loins with an eternal pressure ;
O let Thy mercy be the measure :
For if Thou keepest wrath in store,
We all shall die,
And none be left to glorify
Thy Name, and tell
How Thou hast saved our souls from hell.
Mercy.

**Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to
fall from Thee.**

F. QUARLES.

LEAVE not thy Saviour now, whate'er thou dost,
Doubtful, distrustful heart ;
Thy former pains and labours all are lost
If now thou shalt depart,
And faithlessly fall off at last from Him,
Who to redeem thee, spared nor life nor limb.

Shall He, that is thy cluster and thy vine,
Tread the winepress alone,
Whilst thou stand'st looking on ? Shall both the
vine
And work be all His own ?
See how He bends, crushed with the straightened
screw
Of that fierce wrath that to thy sins was due.

Although thou canst not help to bear it, yet
 Thrust thyself under too,
That thou mayest feel some of the weight, and get,
 Although not strength to do,
Yet will to suffer something as He doth,
That the same stress at once may squeeze you both.

Thy Saviour being pressed to death, there ran
 Out of His sacred wounds,
That wine that maketh glad the heart of man
 And all His foes confounds ;
Yea, the full-flowing fountain's open still,
For all grace thirsting hearts to drink their fill :

And not to drink alone, to satiate
 Their longing appetites,
Or drown those cumbrous cares that would abate
 The edge of their delights ;
But when they toil, and soil themselves with sin,
Both to refresh, to purge, and cleanse therein.

Thy Saviour hath begun this cup to thee,
 And thou must not refuse 't.

Press then thy sin-swoln sides, until they be
Empty and fit to use 't.

Do not delay to come, when He doth call ;
Nor fear to want, when there's enough for all.

Thy bounteous Redeemer, with His blood
Fills thee, not wine alone,
But likewise gives His flesh to be thy food,
Which thou mayest make thine own,
And feed on Him who hath Himself revealed
The bread of life, by God the Father sealed.

Nay, He's not food alone, but physic too,
Whenever thou art sick ;
And in thy weakness, strength, that thou mayest do
Thy duty, and not stick
At any thing that He requires of thee,
How hard soever it may seem to be.

Make all the haste, then, that thou canst to come
Before the day be past ;
And think not of returning to thy home,
While yet the light doth last.

The longer and the more thou draw'st the wine
Still thou shalt find it more and more divine.

Or if Thy Saviour think it meet to throw

 Thee in the press again,

To suffer as He did ; yet do not grow

 Displeased at thy pain :

A summer season follows winter weather ;

Suffering, you shall be glorified together.

Ⓔ holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.

HYMN FOR A DYING BED.

C. E.

I.

WHILE ceaseless love and ceaseless care
By all are fondly shown,
A voice within me cries, "Beware !
For thou must die *alone*."

II.

That solemn hour is come for me,
Though all their charms I own,
When human ties resigned must be ;
For I must die alone.

III.

Terrestrial converse now is o'er ;
My work on earth is done ;

And I must tread th' eternal shore,
And I must die alone.

IV.

But O ! I view not now with dread
That shadowy veil unknown ;
I see a light within it shed ;
I shall not die alone !

V.

One will be with me there, whose voice
I long have loved and known ;
To die is now my wish, my choice :
I shall not die *alone* !

Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to
fall from Thee.

GAMBOLD.

DAMES.

• • • MAY nothing when that time shall come,
Blemish thy combat !

IGNATIUS.

Ay, that prayer was right.
For I have weakness still, and ghostly foes
Which fight against me, and my resolution.
Heaven knows I am a sinner, and deserve
To die more deaths than one on that account.
What favour then, O Lord, that wretched flesh
Shall honour Thee, while sinking to its dust !

**Suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to
fall from Thee.**

THE RECOMMENDATION.

CRASHAW.

THESE hours, and that which hovers o'er my end,
Into Thy hands and heart, Lord, I commend :
Take both to Thy account, that I and mine,
In that hour and in these may be all Thine.
That, as I dedicate my devoutest breath
To make a kind of life for my Lord's death ;
So from His living and life-giving death
My dying life may draw a new and never-fleeting
breath.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

I THOUGHT to meet no more, so dreary seemed
 Death's interposing veil, and then so pure,
 Thy place in Paradise,
 Beyond where I could soar ;

Friend of this worthless heart ! But happier thoughts
 Spring like unbidden violets from the sod
 Where patiently thou tak'st
 Thy sweet and sure repose.

The shadows fall more soothing : the soft air
 Is full of cheering whispers like thine own ;
 While Memory, by thy grave,
 Lives o'er thy funeral day :

The deep knell dying down, the mourners pause
Waiting their Saviour's welcome at the gate.—

Sure with the words of Heaven
Thy spirit met us there,

And sought with us along the accustomed way
The hallowed porch, and entering in, beheld
The pageant of sad joy,
So dear to Faith and Hope.

O! hadst thou brought a strain from Paradise
To cheer us, happy soul! thou hadst not touched
The sacred springs of grief
More tenderly and true,

Than those deep-warbled anthems, high and low,
Low as the grave, high as th' Eternal Throne,
Guiding through light and gloom
Our mourning fancies wild,

Till gently, like soft golden clouds at eve,
Around the western twilight, all subside
Into a placid faith,
That even with beaming eye

Counts thy sad honours, coffin, bier, and pall ;
So many relics of a frail love lost,
 So many tokens dear
 Of endless love begun.

Listen ! it is no dream : the Apostle's trump
Gives earnest of the Archangel's ;—calmly now
 Our hearts yet beating high
 To that victorious lay,

Most like a warrior's, to the martial dirge
Of a true comrade, in the grave we trust
 Our treasure for a while :
 And if a tear steal down,

If human anguish o'er the shaded brow
Pass shuddering, when the handful of pure earth
 Touches the coffin lid ;
 If at our brother's name,

Once and again the thought, " for ever gone,"
Come o'er us like a cloud, yet, gentle sprite,
 Thou turnest not away,
 Thou knowest us calm at heart.

One look, and we have seen our last of thee,
Till we too sleep and our long sleep be o'er :

O cleanse us, ere we view
That countenance pure again,

THOU, who canst change the heart, and raise the dead ;
As THOU art by to soothe our parting hour,
Be ready when we meet,
With Thy dear pardoning words.

**He therefore commit his body to the ground, earth to earth,
ashes to ashes, dust to dust.**

WORDSWORTH.

. **MANY** precious rites
And customs of our rural ancestry
Are gone, or stealing from us ; this, I hope,
Will last for ever. Often have I stopped,
So much I felt the awfulness of life,
In that one moment when the corse is lifted,
In silence, with a hush of decency,
Then from the threshold moves with song of peace,
And confidential yearnings, to its home,
Its final home in earth. What traveller—who—
(How far so'er a stranger) does not own
The bond of brotherhood, when he sees them go,
A mute procession on the houseless road ;
In passing by some single tenement
Or clustered dwellings, where again they raise

The monitory voice? But most of all
It touches, it confirms, and elevates,
Then, when the body, soon to be consigned
Ashes to ashes, dust bequeathed to dust,
Is raised from the Church aisle, and forward borne
Upon the shoulders of the next in love,
The nearest in affection or in blood;
Yea, by the very Mourners who had knelt
Beside the coffin, resting on its lid
In silent grief their unuplifted heads,
And heard meanwhile the Psalmist's mournful plaint,
And that most awful Scripture which declares
We shall not sleep, but we shall all be changed!
—Have I not seen?—Ye likewise may have seen—
Son, Husband, Brothers,—Brothers side by side,
And Son and Father also side by side,
Rise from that posture :—and in concert move,
On the green turf following the vested Priest,
Four dear supporters of one senseless weight,
From which they do not shrink, and under which
They faint not, but advance towards the grave
Step after step—together, with their firm

Unhidden faces ; he that suffers most
He outwardly, and inwardly perhaps,
The most serene, with most undaunted eye !
O ! blest are they who live and die like these,
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourned !

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, Dust to dust.

THE BOOK.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

ETERNAL God ! Maker of all
That have lived here, since the man's fall ;
The Rock of ages ! in whose shade
They live unseen, when here they fade,

Thou knew'st this paper, when it was
Mere seed, and after that but grass ;
Before 'twas drest or spun, and when
Made linen, who did wear it then ;
What were their lives, their thoughts and deeds,
Whether good corn, or fruitless weeds.

Thou knew'st this tree, when a green shade
Covered it, since a cover made,
And where it flourished, grew and spread,
As if it never should be dead.

Thou knew'st this harmless beast, when he
Did live and feed by Thy decree
On each green thing : then slept (well fed)
Cloathed with this skin, which now lies spread
A covering o'er this aged book,
Which makes me wisely weep and look
On my own dust ; mere dust it is,
But not so dry and clean as this.
Thou knew'st and saw'st them all, and though
Now scattered thus, dost know them so.

O knowing, glorious Spirit ! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,
When Thou shalt make all new again,
Destroying only death and pain,
Give him amongst Thy works a place,
Who in them loved and sought Thy face !

In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection.

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

NOR yeeld thou to despairing, though thou hast
A crosse, (which threatens death) to be embraced ;
Or though thou be compelled to swallow up,
The very dregs of sorrowes bitter cup ;
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,
Thou hast the same foundation to sustaine thee :
The selfe same cup of comfort is prepared
To give thee strength, where fainting fits are feared :
And, when thy time of tryall is expired,
Thou shalt obtaine that crowne, thou hast desired.

**In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life,
through our Lord Jesus Christ.**

R. W.

**HERE at Thy footstool (blessed Lord) do we
Thy weak unworthy servants wait Thy gracious call,
Our work draws to an end and now we come to Thee
Whose blessed will is so declared, we shall.**

**Blesse this our waiting time ; and by Thy grace,
Support us joyfully to end our race.**

**For Thou already hast of Thy good will
In truth and mercy us espoused to Thee,
Although the marriage day must rest, until
This mortall puts on immortality ;**

**Meane while, Thou hast Thy Holy Spirit to us
given,**

To guide us all along our way to Heaven,

Whose sacred hand, within the first degree
 Of life eternall, hath already brought us ;
 Uniting us (renewed by grace) to Thee
 (Most glorious Saviour) who hast deerly bought us ;
 And by this first degree assures the rest ;
 To make us finally for ever blest.

The second step to life's eternitie,
 Is by death's passage which we now attend ;
 Where laying down all our mortalitie,
 Our soules by Angels' conduct shall ascend :
 Members of Thy Church, Thine own espoused wife,
 Into Thy palace of eternall life :

Where we instead of flesh that's transitory,
 And must be laid to sleep here in the grave ;
 Shall have new robes of everlasting glory,
 As all our fellow members there shall have.
 O what a blessed glorious change is this,
 To leave this world for Heaven's endlesse blisse !

And yet there rests behind, a third degree,
 When these fraile bodies raised from Heaven agen

Unto eternall life, rejoyned shall be
Unto our soules, and glorified with them ;
When all things shall receive their consummation ;
Our soules and bodies both, complete salvation.

Now whiles we wait in this our pilgrimage,
When our appointed time of change shall come.
(Lord Jesu) help in this our life's last stage ;
And our redeemed soules bring safely home ;
To that safe home of Thine : where all things be
In perfect peace and true securitie.

For in this life such our corruptions are,
As hinder, when we any good intend ;
But headlong running into any snare,
To make us our most gracious God offend :
Under this bondage of corruption thus,
Lye we till Thou, good Lord, deliver us.

Here then with panting longings after Thee,
Most glorious Saviour for our finall rest ;

With sighs of hope, and teares of joy, do we
Attend Thy blessed call to make us blest.

Call then, sweet Jesu, when it shall Thee please :
Into Thy hands receive our soules in peace.

Amen.

In sure and certain hope of the Resurrection to eternal life,
through our Lord Jesus Christ.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

(PART.)

SIR WILLIAM KILLEGREW.

BUT thou that hast conversed with God and Death,
In speculation, shall thy breath
Unwillingly expire into His hand,
That comes to fetch it by command ?
From God that made thee, art thou loth to be,
Possessed of thy felicity,
Because thy guide looks pale, and must
Convey thy flesh to dust ?
Though that to worms converted be
What is all this to thee ?

Thou shalt not feel death's sting, but instant have
Full joys and triumph o'er the grave ;
Where thy long-loved companion flesh shall rest,
Until it be refined, new drest

For thy next wearing, in that holy place,
That Heaven, where thou shalt face to face,
With saints, and angels daily see
Thy God, and ever be
Replenished with celestial bliss :
O my soul, think on this.

~~Who~~ shall change our vile body, that it may be like unto
his glorious body.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

(PART.)

BISHOP KING.

So close the ground, and round her shade,
Black curtains draw, my bride is dead.
Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed,
Never to be disquieted !
My last good night ! thou wilt not wake,
Till I thy fate shall overtake :
Till age or grief or sickness must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves ; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there :—I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on my way,

And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can make, or sorrows breed.
Each minute is a short degree,
And every hour a step towards thee.

**According to the mighty working, whereby He is able to
subdue all things to Himself.**

(PART.)

E. M.

CAME sorrow's visitation ?

Yes. At first

**I knew her not, God's loving messenger,
But many an hour, since then, of weary life
Has told her worth. I feared the gloomy cloud
Beneath whose cold dark canopy she led
My shrinking steps ; but while enshrouded there
A glory was revealed, a countenance
Radiant with light, at whose celestial smile
Earth's joys, and woes, and trifles, all dispersed,
And left the empire to the Lord alone !**

The mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all
things to Himself.

(PART.)

F. QUARLES.

CORRUPTION clogs my feet like filthy clay,
And I am ready still to slip :
Which makes me often say,
When I should trip
Away.
My fears
And faults are such,
As challenge all my tears
So justly, that it were not much,
If I in weeping should spend all my years.
This makes me weary of the world below,
And greedy of a place above,
On which I may bestow
My choicest love ;
And so

Obtain
That favour which
Excels all worldly gain,
And maketh the possessor rich
In happiness of a transcendant strain.

But my fault-frozen heart is slow to move,
Makes poor proceedings at the best,
As though it did not love,
Nor long for rest
Above.

Mine eyes
Can upward look,
As though they did despise
All things on earth, and could not brook
Their presence : but mine heart is slow to rise.

O that it were once winged like a dove,
That in a moment mounts on high,
Then should it soon remove
Where it may lie
In love.

And lo,
This one desire
Methinks hath impeded it so,
That it already flies like fire,
And e'en my verses into wings do grow.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

KNOWLEDGE.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

WEEP not for me ;—

**Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,**

Light hearts and free !

**Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends ;
Nor miss my face, dear friends !**

I still am near ;—

**Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth ;**

Now, too I hear,

**Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
Low prayers, and musings sweet.**

A sea before
The Throne is spread ; its pure, still glass
Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.

We, on its shore,
Share, in the bosom of our rest,
God's knowledge, and are blest !

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

*



C. B.

THE soul with Jesus rests above,
The body lies in gentle sleep,—
Heart can warm heart in holy love,
The peace of Heaven is pure and deep ;
No more weighed down by pain and strife
Her spirit is refreshed and free ;
After the battle-hour of life,
Saviour, she findeth rest in Thee !

A rest unbroken now by fears,
A peace she never knew before,
For God hath wiped away her tears,
And grief may never touch her more.
She can her Maker's face behold,
His deep love bursteth on her sight,
Heaven doth its glory now unfold,
Herself a beam of that great light.

By the soft spell of love drawn near,
The child its Father now can see,
The word of Jesus now is clear,
"Thy God and Father loveth Thee!"
That great, unfathomed mystery,
The soul at length can understand,
And knoweth what it is to be
Joint heir with Christ in that bright land.

The weary body resteth here,—
The dust in earth's dark bosom laid
Shall at the Saviour's voice appear
In beauty and in strength arrayed ;
United with the spirit pure,
From the cold grave in glory raised,
That day of joy shall aye endure,
The Lamb shall evermore be praised.

Through the wide waste *we* travel on,
'Mid streaming tears we think and dream
Of that fair Heaven where she is gone,—
Around our path its visions gleam.

When shall we meet Thy chosen band ?
When will that day of gladness be ?
O ! lend us now Thy helping hand,
Lord Jesus come ! we trust in Thee.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.

SPENSER.

Who dies, the utmost dolour must abide ;
But who that lives, is left to wail his losse ;
So life is losse, and death felicitie.
Sad life, worse than glad death ; and greater crosse
To see friends' grave, than dead, the grave's self to
 . engrosse.

M. DRAYTON.

DEATH is the key which unlockes miserie,
And lets them out to blessed libertie.

From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord : even so saith the Spirit ; for they rest from their labours.

GENOVEVA.

R. C. TRENCH.

GENTLY speak and lightly tread,
 'Tis the chamber of the dead—
 Now thine earthly course is run,
 Now thy weary day is done ;
 Genoveva, sainted one !
 Happy flight thy sprite has taken,
 From its plumes earth's last dust shaken :
 On the earth is passionate weeping,
 Round thy bier lone vigils keeping,—
 In the heaven triumphant songs,
 Welcome of angelic throngs,
 As thou enterest on that day
 Which no tears nor fears allay,
 No regrets nor pangs affray,
 Hemmed not in by yesterday,

By to-morrow hemmed not in.
Weep not for her—she doth win
What we long for—now is she
That which all desire to be.
Bear her forth with solemn cheer,
Bear her forth on open bier,
That the wonder which hath been
May of every eye be seen.
Wonderful! that pale worn brow
Death hath scarcely sealed, and now
All the beauty that she wore
In the youthful years before,
All the freshness and the grace,
And the bloom upon her face,
Ere that seven-year'd distress
In the painful wilderness,
Ere that wasting sickness came
Undermining quite her frame,
All come back—the light, the hue
Tinge her cheek and life anew :
Far from her, oh! far away,
All that is so quick to say

“ Man returneth to his clay : ”
All that to our creeping fear
Whispers of corruption near.
Seems it as she would illume
With her radiance and her bloom
The dark spaces of the tomb.

I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write,
 From henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the
 Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their
 labours.

SONNET.

DRUMMOND.

IF with such passing beauty, choice delights,
 The Architect of this great round did frame
 This palace visible, short lists of fame,
 And silly mansion of but dying wights;
 How many wonders, what amazing lights,
 Must that triumphing seat of glory claim,
 That doth transcend all this All's vasty heights,
 Of whose bright sun, our's here is but a beam!
 O blest abode! O happy dwelling-place!
 Where visibly th' Invisible doth reign;
 Blest people, who do see true Beauty's face,
 With whose far shadows, scarce *He* earth doth deign:
 All joy is but annoy, all concord strife,
 Matched with your endless bliss and happy life.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.

TO DEATH.

HERRICK.

THOU bid'st me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years ;
And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times ;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above ;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout ;
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence ;
This done, I'll only cry
" God, mercy !"—and so die.

**Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.**

HYMN.

**LORD ! have mercy when we strive
To save, through Thee, our souls alive ;
When the pampered flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
O then have mercy, Lord !**

**Lord ! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed and sigh—
Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
From the thought of former ill ;
When all other hope is gone,
When our course is almost done,
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
O then have mercy, Lord !**

Lord ! have mercy when we know
First, how vain this world below ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of Thy bright, but distant, Heaven ;
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,
And our saddened spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell ;
O then have mercy, Lord !

The Lord's Prayer.**DECEMBER, OR OLD AGE.**

(PART.)

ROBERT FARLEY

BEFORE mine eyes
 Death's image still doth rise.
 When errors of my youth I call to mind,
 Old age doth sorrow finde.
 Youth's glory like the rainebowes painted spheres,
 Doth vanish into teares.
 O Father, pardon, and with saving faith,
 Repaire what losse age hath,
 Let Thy good Spirit quicken Thy grace in me,
 That Heaven my thought, my heart's desire may be.

 Grant me assurance of forgivenessse, Lord,
 Earnest of sprite and word,
 So shall the thoughts of Heaven's eternall rest,
 Comfort my soule distrest :

T

So let me be dissolved, to be with Thee,
Our Father, Lord, to see.
Where blessed peace, eternall joy doth dwell,
Which no time e'er can quell.
Where faith doth sight, and hope doth wish obtaine,
Where endlesse love for ever more shall raigne.

The Lord's Prayer.

(PART.)

BP. TAYLOR.

O LET Thy love our pattern be ;
Let Thy mercy teach one brother
To forgive and love another ;
That copying Thy mercy here
Thy goodness may hereafter rear
Our souls unto Thy glory, when
Our dust shall cease to be with men.

Amen.

First Collect.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that
depart hence in the Lord.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT
DYING OF A COUGH.

(PART.)

MILTON.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
Bleak winter's force, that made thy blossom dry ;
For he being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermail, thought to kiss,
But killed alas ! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a long-delved tomb.
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?

O no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

Resolve me then, O soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear,)
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were,)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy
flight?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world and unto Heaven aspire?

But O! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,

Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart ?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou
art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild :
Think what a present thou to God hath sent,
And render Him with patience what He lent :
This, if thou do, He will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name
to live.

**Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that
depart hence in the Lord.**

SHE IS GONE ! SHE IS GONE !

H. F. LYTE.

**SHE is gone ! she is gone ! a God of love
Has called her up to His side above ;
Has gathered the flower in all its prime,
And bade it bloom in a brighter clime ;
Has filled her hand with a heavenly lyre,
And found her a place in His angel choir.**

**She is gone ! she is gone to a land of light,
Where the glorious day ne'er sinks in night ;
Where a cloud ne'er comes across the sky ;
Where the tears are wiped from every eye ;
Where all is holiness, love, and bliss,
And none regret such a world as this.**

She is gone ! she is gone ! she passed away
Like the dying close of a summer day :
A dawn of glory around her shone,
A light shot down from the Heavenly Throne :
The last of her breath in song was spent,
And forth in a smile her spirit went.

She is gone ! she is gone ! to her high reward,
To bask in the looks of her wished-for Lord.
She gained one peep through the golden gate ;
She saw the Seraphim for her wait ;
And sprang from sorrow and sin away
To dwell in the light of eternal day.

She is gone ! she is gone ! And who would chain
Her soul to a world like ours again ?
But O ! the blank, the desolate void,
In hearts that her converse here enjoyed !
They long from all upon earth to sever,
And be with their loved and lost for ever.

She is gone ! she is gone but a while before,
She waits for them at the heavenly door :

They hear her calling them up on high ;
They feel her drawing them on to the sky ;
And pray, at their parting hour to be
As ripe, as ready, as blessed as she.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that
depart hence in the Lord.



EPITAPH.

C. R.

THE lamb is gathered into that blest fold
Where dangers cannot enter, nor alarms,
Led by her Shepherd, carried in His arms,
She passed through earth, scarce tarrying to behold
The "waters still," which near her gently rolled,
Or the "green pastures," decked with flowery charms;
But though we thought her sheltered from all harms,
This damp terrestrial climate proved too cold.
Her Shepherd watched her drooping, and meanwhile
"The everlasting arms" were underneath;
Cheered by His voice, encouraged by His smile,
She reached the dark unfathomed gulf of death;
He hushed its waves;—then to His fold above
Wafted safe o'er, the object of His love.

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that
depart hence in the Lord.

FOR PARENTS WHO HAVE LOST THEIR
CHILDREN.

GEORGE WITHER.

QUITE lost are now mine airy joys,
Once promised by a fruitful womb :
For my dear issue, Death destroys ;
And full of grief I am become.

Those eyes, whereon I loved to look,
The voices, which made glad mine ear,
Are out of sight and hearing took,
And shall no more delight me here.

I am a plant whose leaves are cropped,
Whose pleasant fruit is plucked away ;
Whose hopeful branches down are lopped,
And left without a living spray.

To call me Father, none is left ;
My songs to mournful tunes are made,
And all the pleasures are bereft,
Which in a child I might have had.

Yet all rejoicing is not gone,
For, in my sorrows, comforts be ;
Because the soul which I bemoan,
Is found of God, though lost to me.

**With whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence
in the Lord.**

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF A CHILD'S DEATH.

C. E.

THIS was thy heavenly birth-day, much loved boy !
 Dost thou not wonder at thy parents' tears,
 And question why so sad that day appears,
 Which crowned their darling with unfading joy ?
 Why do they now their mournful thoughts employ
 In fondly dwelling on thy few short years ?
 For memory, while she thus the past endears,
 Blends with the sweet her bitterest alloy.
 O ! if the birth-day of a life like ours,
 In this dark world of trouble and unrest,
 Be hailed with gratulations, gifts, and flowers,
 Should not thine entrance on a life so blest
 E'en as a sacred jubilee be kept,
 And not a tear, but tears of joy, be wept !

The souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity.

DIALOGUE.

ROBERT FARLEY.

BODY.

AND loth'st thou me, my soule, loving to goe
Elsewhere? I pray thee, whither? let me know:
Wast thou not all this while my dearest mate,
My guest, my convoy, consort in estate?
While I did flourish, thou didst constant prove;
My times are darkened now, so is thy love.

SOULE.

Here as a captive to a keeper, so
I tyed was with thee, at list, to goe,
Banisht from home: loe now my bonds are loose,
Thou dy'st, I glad runne to my Father's house.
Soules bond with body hardly maketh breach,
Yet this doth dye, and that Heaven's dwelling reach.

U

The souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity.

BAXTER.

**YE saints with sounding voice,
Exalt the Saviour's name ;
Thankful in Him rejoice,
And celebrate His fame ;
Let all your days,
Till life shall end,
Whate'er He send,
Be days of praise.**

**Though flesh must turn to dust,
And low this body lie,
If reckoned with the just,
My praises shall not die ;
For Thou wilt save
In that dark hour ;
Thy matchless power
Shall spoil the grave.**

With Thy triumphant flock,
Then shall I numbered be,
Built on the eternal Rock,
His glory we shall see ;
The Heavens so high
With praise shall ring ;
And all shall sing
In harmony.

The sun is but a spark
From the eternal light ;
Its brightest beams are dark
To that most glorious sight ;
There the whole choir
With one accord,
Shall praise the Lord
For evermore.

Delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity.

THE MOTHER.

I. WILLIAMS.

'MID sounds of morn that gentle voice is not,
 But in his mother's heart the echo dwells,
 In her dark spirit's silent citadels
 His image sits alone. Man's varied lot
 Of ills were prowling round his cradle cot ;
 But the all-pitying One hath snatched him hence,
 To shield from harm his guileless innocence,
 In His own sheltering breast. Morn hath forgot
 Her looks of love ; and mid the sounds of Even
 That gentle voice is not : dun hues of care
 Come on, and liveries of wintry Heaven.
 He on his little orb sits smilingly,
 And sings and sighs that all on earth so dear,
 Were but as happy and as safe as he¹.

¹ " This last thought is, I think, from Bishop Taylor."

~~We~~ gibe Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased
Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.

THE THREE SONS.

(PART.)

MOULTRIE.

I HAVE a son, a third sweet son ; his age I cannot
tell,

For they reckon not by years and months where he
is gone to dwell.

To us for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles
were given,

And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live
in Heaven.

I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth
now,

Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining
seraph brow.

The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss
which he doth feel,

Are numbered with the secret things which God will
not reveal.

But I know (for God doth tell me this) that he is
now at rest,

Where other blessed infants be, in their Saviour's
loving breast.

I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of
flesh,

But his sleep is blessed with endless dreams of joy for
ever fresh.

I know the angels fold him close beneath their glit-
tering wings,

And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's
divinest things.

I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear
and I,)

Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from
every eye.

Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* life can never
cease ;

Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is
certain peace.

It may be that the tempter's wives their souls from
bliss may sever,

But, if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours
for ever.

When we think of what our darling is, and what we
still must be,—

When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this*
world's misery,—

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this
grief and pain,—

O! we'd rather lose our other two, then have him
here again.

We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee
to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.

**"SHE GOETH UNTO THE GRAVE TO
WEEP THERE."**

C. E.

O ! go not to his grave to weep,
Bathe not with tears his early tomb ;
Angels that precious seed will keep,
Till thence th' immortal flower shall bloom.

O ! go not to his grave to mourn
That he was once so fair, so bright ;
A form far lovelier shall be born
From that low bed, to bless thy sight.

O ! go not to his grave to sigh,
Because his transient date is o'er ;
• That which we here miscall "*to die*,"
Means but to *live* for evermore.

• Go to his grave, that light to hail
Which o'er it now from Calvary streams ;
Which shines through death's once mournful vale,
And on thy slumbering infant beams.

Go to his grave, that God to bless,
Who to his happy soul has given
More than thine utmost tenderness
Could supplicate,—a home in Heaven.

Go to his grave, to offer there,
As laid on thy Redeemer's shrine,
Thy loveliest flower, thy first-born fair,
And say, " He was not ours, but Thine."

We gibe Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee
to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

WORDSWORTH.

O FOR a dirge ! But why complain ?
Ask rather a triumphal strain
When FERMOR's race is run ;
A garland of immortal boughs
To bind around the Christian's brows,
Whose glorious work is done.

We pay a high and holy debt ;
No tears of passionate regret
Shall stain this votive lay ;
Ill-worthy Beaumont, were the grief
That flings itself on wild relief
When saints have passed away.

Sad doom, at sorrow's shrine to kneel,
For ever covetous to feel,
And impotent to bear :

Such once was hers—to think and think
On severed love, and only sink
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part
Had Faith refined, and to her heart
A peaceful cradle given ;
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast
Till it exhales to heaven.

Was ever spirit that could bend
So graciously ?—that could descend,
Another's need to suit,
So promptly from her lofty throne !—
In works of love, in these alone,
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue ; yet mortal cheek
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak
When aught had suffered wrong,—
When aught that breathes had felt a wound ;
Such look the oppressor might confound,
However proud and strong.

But hushed be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things ;
Her quiet is secure ;
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,
Whose life was, like the violet sweet,
As climbing jasmine, pure ;—

As snowdrop on an infant's grave,
Or lily heaving with the wave
That feeds it and defends ;
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed
The mountain top, or breathed the mist
That from the vale ascends.

Thou takest not away, O Death !
Thou strikest—and absence perisheth,
Indifference is no more ;
The future brightens on our sight ;
For on the past hath fallen a light
That tempts us to adore.

He gibe Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee
to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.

EPITAPH

ON MISTRESS ELIZABETH NEVILLE.

SIR J. BEAUMONT.

A NYMPH is dead ! milde vertuous, young and faire,
Death never counts by days, or months or yeeres ;
Oft in his sight the infant old appeares,
And to his earthly mansion must repaire :
Why should our sighs disturbe the quiet aire !
For when the flood of time to ruine beares,
No beautie can prevaile, nor parent's teares ;
When life is gone we of the flesh despaire,
Yet still the happy soule immortal lives
In Heaven, as we with pious hopes conceive :

And to the Maker endlesse prayses gives,
That she so soone this lothesome world might
leave ;
We judge that glorious spirit doubly blest,
Which from short life ascends t' eternal rest.

We gibe Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee
to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.

SONNET.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

WHEN I consider what our life hath been,
How full of devious error, far astray
From paths of truth, and that one only way,
And by what mercies, strange and unforeseen,
We have been brought unto the port serene
Of Faith, which many missing never may
Reach the one haven of their rest,—I say,
Dulling the edge of sorrow, else too keen,—
How shall we make untimely moan for them,
How shall we mourn beside their early grave,
Who being washed in baptism's holy wave,
From that first taint which doth us all condemn,
Passed from this evil world, and never aught
Of our life's darker stains from hence have caught?

**We gibe Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee
to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this
sinful world.**

MOULTRIE.

**THERE is no grief, even on this sinful earth,
Without its consolation ; none which faith
And patient love may not convert to bliss,
Or make at least the path to it ; and if
Such be indeed our sorrows,—for our joys,
Our sweet refreshments, richly interspersed
At intervals through all the narrow road
Which leads to life eternal—for all these
What thanks shall we repay ?**

**Beseeching Thee, that it may please Thee, of Thy gracious
goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of Thine
elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom.**

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

O DAY of life, of light, of love !
 The only day dealt from above !
 A day so fresh, so bright, so brave,
 'Twill show us each forgotten grave,
 And make the dead, like flowers, arise
 Youthful and fair, to see new skies.
 All other days compared with thee,
 Are but Light's weak minority,
 They are but veils, and cyphers drawn
 Like clouds, before thy glorious dawn.
 O come, arise, shine, do not stay,
 Dearly loved day !
 The fields are long since white, and I
 With earnest groans for freedom cry,

X

My fellow-creatures too say, *Come !*
And stones, though speechless, are not dumb.
When shall we hear that glorious voice
Of life and joys ?
That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,
Shall bring true day, and make dust see
The way to immortality.
When shall those first white pilgrims rise
Whose holy happy histories,
(Because they sleep so long) some men
Count but the blots of a vain pen ?
Dear Lord ! make haste,
Sin every day commits more waste,
And Thy old enemy, which knows
His time is short, more raging grows.
Nor moan I only, (though profuse)
Thy creatures bondage and abuse ;
But what is highest sin and shame,
The wild despight done to Thy name,
The forgeries, which impious wit
And power force on Holy Writ,

With all detestable designs
That may dishonour those pure lines.
O God ! though mercy be in Thee,
The greatest attribute we see,
And the most needful for our sins ;
Yet, when Thy mercy nothing wins
But meer disdain, let not man say
Thy arm doth sleep : but write this day
Thy judging one ; Descend, descend !
Make all things new, and without end !

**Shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to
hasten Thy kingdom.**

**ON A GOOD MAN'S DESIRE TO BE
IN HEAVEN.**

SIR W. KILLEGREW.

**THOSE who dare shake the hour-glass in Death's hand,
To make the quicker passage for the sand,
Have mounting souls, with a serene delight,
To hasten us to God's beatific sight,
And surely may a better welcome gain,
Than those that longer would on earth remain.**

That it may please Thee, of Thy gracious goodness, shortly
to accomplish the number of Thine elect, and to hasten
Thy kingdom.

DAVID DICKSON.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !

When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my sorrows have an end,

Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of God's saints !

O sweet and pleasant soil !

In thee no sorrows can be found,

No grief, no care, no toil.

No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,

No gloom, nor darksome night ;

But every soul shines as the sun,

For God Himself gives light.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,

Would God I were with thee !

O that my sorrows had an end,

Thy joys that I might see !

Thy walls are made of precious stone,

Thy bulwarks diamond square ;

Thy gates are made of orient pearl—

O God, if I were there !

O my sweet home, Jerusalem,

Thy joys when shall I see ?

The King that sitteth on the throne,

And thy felicity ?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks

Continually are green ;

Where grow such sweet and lovely flowers

As no where else are seen.

Quite through the street with pleasant sounds

The flood of life doth flow ;

And on the banks on every side

The trees of life do grow.

Those trees each month yield ripened fruit,
For evermore they spring ;
And all the nations of the world
To Thee their honours bring.

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Thy joys fain would I see ;
Come quickly, Lord, and end my griefs,
And take me home to Thee !

O ! in my forehead plant Thy name,
And take me hence away,
That I may dwell with Thee in bliss,
And sing Thy praise for aye.

O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?

**Beseeching Thee . . . shortly to accomplish the number of
Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom.**

L'ENVOY.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

**O THE new world's new quick'ning sun !
Ever the same, and never done !
The seers of whose sacred light,
Shall all be drest in shining white,
And made conformable to His
Immortal shape, who wrought their bliss.**

Arise ! Arise !

**And like old clothes fold up these skies,
This long worn veyl : then shine and spread
Thy own bright self over each head,
And through Thy creatures pierce and pass,
Till all becomes Thy cloudless glass,
Transparent as the purest day,
And without blemish or decay,**

Fixt by Thy Spirit to a state
For evermore immaculate.
A state fit for the sight of Thy
Immediate pure and unveiled eye.
A state agreeing with Thy minde
A state Thy birth and death designed ;
A state for which Thy creatures all
Travel and groan, and look and call.
O seeing Thou hast paid our score,
Why should the curse reign any more ?
But since Thy number is as yet
Unfinished, we shall gladly sit
Till all be ready, that the train
May fully fit Thy glorious reign.
Only let not our haters brag,
Thy seamless coat is grown a rag :
Or that Thy truth was not here known,
Because we forced Thy judgments down.
Dry up their arms who vex Thy spouse,
And take the glory of Thy house
To deck their own ; then give Thy saints
That faithful zeal which neither faints,

Nor wildly burns, but meekly still
Dares own the truth and show the ill.
Frustrate those cancerous close arts
Which cause solution in all parts,
And strike them dumb who for meer words
Wound Thy beloved more than swords.
Dear Lord ! do this, and then let grace
Descend, and hallow all the place,
Incline each hard heart to do good,
And cement us with Thy Son's blood,
That like true sheep all in one fold
We may be fed, and one minde hold.
Give watchful spirits to our guides !
For sin (like water) hourly glides
By each man's door, and quickly will
Turn in, if not obstruct it still.
Therefore write in our hearts Thy law,
And let these long sharp judgments awe
Their very thoughts, that by their clear
And holy lives, mercy may here
Sit regent yet, and blessings flow
As full, as persecutions now,

So shall we know, in war and peace,
Thy service to be our sole ease,
With prostrate souls adoring Thee,
Who turned our sad captivity !

That it may please Thee . . . shortly to accomplish the
number of Thine elect, and to hasten Thy kingdom.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

REV. xxi. 2.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

THE Holy Jerusalem
From highest Heaven descending,
And crowned with a diadem
Of Angel bands attending,
The Living City built on high,
Bright with celestial jewelry !

She comes the Bride, from Heaven gate,
In nuptial new adorning,
To meet the Immaculate,
Like coming of the morning,
Her streets of purest gold are made,
Her walls a diamond palisade.

There with pearls the gates are dight
Upon that Holy Mountain ;
And thither come both day and night,
Who in the Living Fountain
Have washed their robes from earthly stain,
And borne below Christ's lowly chain.

By the hand of the Unknown
The living stones are moulded
To a glorious shrine ALL ONE,
Full soon to be unfolded :
The building wherein God doth dwell,
The Holy Church Invisible.

Glory be to God, who layed
In Heaven the foundation ;
And to the Spirit who hath made
The walls of our salvation ;
To Christ Himself the Corner Stone,
Be glory ! to the Three in one.

That we, with all those that are departed in the true faith
of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation
and bliss, both in body and soul.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here ;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove ;
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days :
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and you have show'd them
me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
Shining no where but in the dark ;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may
know
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep ;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there ;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee ;
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still, as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that Hill,
Where I shall need no glass.

That we, with all those who are departed in the true faith
of Thy holy name, may have our perfect consummation
and bliss, both in body and soul.

FROM HICKES' DEVOTIONS.

NIGHT forbear ; alas, our praise,
And our young beginning hope,
Set to grow on these blest days,
Faint and dull, requires more scope.

'Twill not hear ; but sullen flies,
Summons all the world to sleep ;
Bids us close our books and eyes,
What we've gained, content to keep.

Blessed saints ! this broken rate,
Bids our slowness ply its wings ;
While your quick and active state,
Always wakes, and always sings.

Y

Yet even this your school too, was ;
And your now unwearied lays,
By this change of song and pause,
Here 'mongst us you learned to raise.

Here, you thus took often breath,
Yet have climbed those hills of light ;
O may your success bequeath
Hope to reach that glorious height !

Though our notes be short and few,
And our rests too often long ;
If we keep in tune with you,
We at last shall sing your song.

If our utmost humble powers
Here our daily prayers attend ;
These poor psalms shall there, like yours
In a nightless compline end.

Glory, Lord, to Thee alone,
Here below, as there above ;
May Thy joys, great Three in One,
Ever draw, and crown, our love. Amen.

Our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and
soul.



SOUTHEY.

THEY sin who tell us Love can die.
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven, ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the earth,
 They perish where they had their birth ;
 But Love is indestructible.
 Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
 Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
 At times deceived, at times opprest,
 It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest ;
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of love is there.

O ! when a Mother meets on high
The Babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

May have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in
body and soul.

THE WREATH.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SINCE I in storms us'd most to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for Thee,
From those rude, barren hours ?

The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for Thy temples bring
Which *thorns*, not roses wore.

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all Thy pain,
Thy causeless pain ! and sad as death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,

(O not in vain!) now beg Thy breath ;
Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing Thy just praise, and see Thy face.

In Thy eternal and everlasting glory ; through Jesus
Christ our Lord. Amen.

ETERNITY.

HERRICK.

O YEARS and age, farewell ;
Behold I go
Where I do know,
Eternity to dwell.

And these mine eyes shall see,
All times, how they
Are lost in the sea
Of vast eternity :

Where never moon shall sway
The stars ; but she,
And night, shall be
Drowned in one endless day.

Second Collect.

**© merciful God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ,
who is the resurrection and the life.**

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

LUKE vii. 13, 14.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

**Who says, the wan autumnal sun
Beams with too faint a smile
To light up nature's face again,
And, though the year be on the wane,
With thoughts of spring the heart beguile ?**

**Waft him, thou soft September breeze,
And gently lay him down
Within some circling woodland wall,
Where bright leaves, reddening ere they fall,
Wave gaily o'er the waters brown.**

And let some graceful arch be there
With wreathed mullions proud,
With burnished ivy for its screen,
And moss that glows as fresh and green
As though beneath an April cloud.—

Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink ?—
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which even beside that mournful bier
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,

Bids weep no more—O heart bereft,
How strange, to thee, that sound !
A widow o'er her only son,
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round.

Yet is the voice of comfort heard,
For Christ hath touched the bier—
The bearers wait with wondering eye,
The swelling bosom dares not sigh,
But all is still, 'twixt hope and fear.

Even such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some church-yard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.

And such the tones of love, which break
The stillness of that hour,
Quelling th' embittered spirit's strife—
“The Resurrection and the life
“Am I: believe, and die no more.”—

Unchanged that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

Far better they should sleep awhile
Within the Church's shade,
Nor wake, until new heaven, new earth,
Meet for their new immortal birth
For their abiding place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean

On our frail love once more.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose

Friends out of sight, in faith to muse

How grows in Paradise our store.

Then pass, ye mourners, cheerly on,

Through prayer unto the tomb,

Still, as ye watch life's falling leaf,

Gathering from every loss and grief

Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to your work again

With hearts new-braced and set

To run, untired, love's blessed race,

As meet for those, who face to face

Over the grave their Lord have met.

In whom whosoever beliebeth shall live, though he die;
and whosoever loveth, and beliebeth in Him, shall not die
eternally.

EPITAPH.

You that pass by, and say of me,
Alas! her life is done,
Be it well known unto you all,
My life is now begun.
The life I lived among you all,
Was sorrow, grief, and pain;
But now I have a life indeed,
Of pleasure, joy, and gain.

EPITAPH.

Our life is all, but death! Time that ensueth,
Is but the death of time that went before:
Youth is the death of childhood: age of youth:
Die once to God, and then thou diest no more.

Who also hath taught us, by His holy Apostle St. Paul,
not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep
in Him.

STARLIGHT.

FROM "IX POEMS, BY V."

DARKLING methinks the path of life is grown,
And solitude and sorrow close around ;
My fellow-travellers one by one are gone,
Their home is reached, but mine must still be
found.

The sun that set as the last bowed his head,
To cross the threshold of his resting-place,
Has left the world devoid of all that made
Its business, pleasure, happiness, and grace.
But I have still the desert path to trace ;

Nor with the day has my day's work an end ;
And words and shadows through the cold air chase,
And earth looks dark where walked we, friend
with friend.

And yet, thus wildered, not without a guide,
I wander on amid the shades of night ;
My home-fires gleam, methinks, and round them
glide
My friends at peace, far off, but still in sight.
For, through the closing gloom mine eyesight goes
Further in Heaven than when the day was bright ;
And there, as earth still dark and darker grows,
Shines out for every shade a world of light.

**Hath taught us . . . not to be sorry, as men without hope,
for them that sleep in Him.**

“SLEEPING IN JESUS.”

(This simple, but expressive sentence, is inscribed on a tombstone in a rural burying-ground in Devon, and give rise to the following verses.)

MRS. MACKEY.

**ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep :
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes !**

**Asleep in Jesus ! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet :
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost his venom'd sting !**

**Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.**

Asleep in Jesus ! O for me,
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high !

Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
Debars this precious " hiding place :"
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep !

Who also hath taught us, by His holy Apostle St. Paul,
not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep
in Him.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

SILENCE, and stealth of days! 'Tis now
 Since thou art gone,
 Twelve hundred houres, and not a brow
 But clouds hang on.
 As he that in some cave's thick damp,
 Lockt from the light,
 Fixeth a solitary lamp,
 To brave the night,
 And nothing from the sun when past,
 That glim'ring ray
 Cuts through the heavy mists in haste
 Back to his day;
 So o'er fled minutes I retreat
 Unto that houre

Which shewed thee last, but did defeat
Thy light and power,
I search, and rack my soul to see
Those beames againe,
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plaine ;
That dark and dead sleeps in its known
And common urn,
But those fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine and burne ;
O could I track them ! but souls must
Track one the other,
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother ;
Yet I have one pearle by whose light
All things I see,
And in the heart of earth, and night,
Find Heaven and thee.

**Hath taught us, by His holy Apostle St. Paul, not to be
sorry, as men without hope.**

R. C. TRENCH.

**DARK the earth, forlorn of love,
But oh ! darker Heaven above—
God's own Heaven seemed darker yet.—
But this deadliest thought is met :
She hath prayed, and doth repel
This the deadliest shaft of hell ;
She hath prayed, and not in vain—
Faith returns to her again ;
And when now the feeble crying,
The faint moanings of the dying,
Faint and fainter, wholly cease,
God she thanks that all is peace ;
That her infant findeth rest
On a loving Saviour's breast.**

She with all is reconciled ;
Once will look upon her child,
Then its little body lay
In the deepest grave she may.

Not to be sorry, as men without hope, for them that sleep
in Him.

MARY'S GRAVE.

H. F. LYTE.

MARY, thou art gone to rest ;
 Why should we deplore thee ?
Light the turf lies on thy breast,
 Soft the winds breathe o'er thee.
Here within thy native clay
 Calmly thou art sleeping,
Safer, happier, far than they,
 Who are o'er thee weeping.

Pleasant is thy lowly bed,
 Close to those that bore thee ;
Trees, 'neath which thy childhood played,
 Gently waving o'er thee.
Hark the thrush ! how sweet his lay !
 See the flowers, how blooming !

" Weep not for the dead," they say,
" Though in earth consuming."

" Weep not for her—she is gone
Where no cares can move her ;
All her earthly labours done,
All her trials over.

Weep not—she has found a home
Where no sorrow paineth :
Sin, nor tears, nor terrors come,
Where a Saviour reigneth."

Hath taught us . . . not to be sorry, as men without hope,
for them that sleep in Him.

THE SEXTON'S DAUGHTER.

(PART.)

J. STERLING.

WITH few or none beside the heart
To cheer, uphold, and comprehend ;
With thoughts at which the crowd would start,
And grief which they would vainly tend.

Still hope ! still act ! Be sure that life,
The source and strength of every good,
Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

To toil in tasks, however mean,
For all we know of right and true—
In this alone our worth is seen ;
'Tis this we were ordained to do.

So shalt thou find in work and thought
The peace that sorrow cannot give ;
Though grief's worst pangs to thee be taught,
By thee let others noblier live.

O wail not in the darksome forest,
Where thou must needs be left alone,
But, e'en when memory is sorest,
Seek out a path, and journey on.

Thou wilt have Angels near above,
By whom invisible aid is given ;
They journey still on tasks of love,
And never rest except in Heaven.

The God who gave in me a friend,
Is more than any friend to all ;
Upon my grave before Him bend,
And He will hear Thy lonely call.

Them that sleep in Him.

(PART.)

HENRY VAUGHAN.

As Time one day by me did pass,
 Through a large dusky glasse
 He held, I chanced to look
 And spyed his curious book
 Of past days, where Heaven did shed
 A mourning light upon the dead.

Many disordered lives I saw,
 And foul records which thaw
 My kinde eyes still, but in
 A faire white page of thin
 And even smooth lines, like the sun's rays,
 Thy name was writ and all thy dayes.

* * * *

O calm and sacred bed where lies
 In death's dark mysteries

A beauty far more bright,
Than the noon's cloudless light ;
' For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleached in the Lamb's blood.'

Sleep, happy ashes ! (blessed sleep !)
While haplesse I still weep ;
Weep that I have outlived
My life, and unrelieved
Must (soul-lesse shadow !) so live on,
Though life be dead, and my joys gone.

Them that sleep in Him.

(PART.)

ANNE HUME.

THE heavens were clear, and all the ambient air,
Without a threatening cloud, no adversaire
Durst once appear, or her calm mind affright :
Death singly did himself conclude the fight ;
After, when fear and the extremest plaint
Were ceased, the attentive eyes of all were bent
On that fair face, and by despair became
Secure ; she who was spent, not like a flame
By force extinguished, but as lights decay,
And undiscerned waste themselves away :
Thus went the soul in peace, so lamps are spent,
As the oil fails which gave them nourishment.
In sum, her countenance you still might know ;
The same it was, not pale, but white as snow

Which on the tops of hills in gentle flakes
Falls in a calm, or as a man that takes
Desired rest, as if her lovely sight
Were closed with sweetest sleep, after the spright
Was gone.

Who hath taught us not to be sorry, as men without hope,
for them that sleep in Him.

THE WIDOWED HEART.

C. E.

Is thine a widowed heart ?
Each tie asunder torn,
Does one sad wish alone remain,
Swiftly to travel till thou gain
The parted spirit's bourne ?
Wouldst *thou* fain sleep,
Where death doth keep
That slumbering form beloved, in delved chamber
deep !

Poor, bleeding, widowed heart !
Man's words less heal than probe,
Not in man's pity canst thou find
Balm for thy wound, or power to bind ;
Still must it bleed and throb !

Friends pitying mourn,
Then 'sadly turn,
To hide their fruitless tears, and looks that o'er thee
yearn.

Alas ! poor widowed heart,
What sorrows press on thee !
Each object that now meets thine eye,
Each hour that wearily goes by,
Remembrancers will be
Of joys all fled,
And smiles that shed
Bliss o'er that rifled heart, where all but grief seems
dead.

Poor desolated heart !
If yet some joy remain,
If in thy lonely path so drear
One lingering uncrushed flower appear
To bid thee smile again,
Who now partakes
The smile it wakes,
Or culling it for thee, of tenfold value makes ?

A a

Alas ! poor widowed heart !
No signs thy grief express ;
No human eye beholds thy tears ;
No ear thy sob of anguish hears,
In utter loneliness !
Calm, nay serene,
'Midst anguish keen,—
Thy deep, deep hidden wound by God alone is seen.

Alas ! poor widowed heart !
The charms of infant glee,
Thy little ones' unconscious smiles,
Their prattled words and artless wiles,
Wake only grief in thee.
The eye they blessed,
The lip they pressed,
On them no longer beams, nor smiles, nor is caressed.

Alas ! poor widowed heart !
What now will be thy stay ?
The staff so fondly leant upon,
Thy guide, thy counsellor is gone,
For ever torn away !

Each link unbound
Which clasped thee round,
No second self for thee, left all alone, is found !

For thee, poor widowed heart !
In vain sweet spring returns ;
The charm of vernal songs and flowers,
The joys reviving nature showers,
Touch not the heart that mourns ;
Or touch it so,
As wakes fresh woe,
For one all darkly laid, this blooming earth below !

Yet still, poor widowed heart !
Though desolate and sad,
The thought thy mourned one ne'er can know
Thine own unutterable woe
Almost might make thee glad !
The blest deplore
Earth's griefs no more ;
And though thy joys are fled, thy loved one's tears
are o'er.

Poor, broken, widowed heart !
To God disclose thy pain !
Earth yields no cure ; but Heaven has given
A balm for hearts bereft and riven,
A balm ne'er tried in vain :
That volume bright,
Where beams of light
Illume th' eternal words, reveals it to thy sight.

**We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from the
death of sin unto the life of righteousness.**

•

R. C. TRENCH.

**WHEN its higher faith this heart denies
To the world's glare bare and open lies,**

**Presently ye blessed ones ye seem
Turning hither sad reproachful eyes ;**

**Gaze ye then on this unholy heart
With a solemn and a sad surprise.**

" When we left you," so the voices come,

" When the last light faded from our eyes,

**" When the last farewells found hardly way,
Hardly spoken amid sobs and sighs.**

**" Was not this our trust in death, that ye
Would to God be faithful any wise,**

**“ That one love to Him would link us yet,
You on earth, and us in paradise ?”**

**—Oh ye blessed voices of rebuke
When ye reach me straightway I arise**

**And exclaim, I, bidding to depart
The world’s flatteries, its lures and lies,**

**“ Grant us ever to keep with Thee,
Lord, and with our Saints in Paradise.”**

**We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from
the death of sin unto the life of righteousness.**

GOOD MORROW.

G. GASCOIGNE.

You that have spent the silent night,
In sleep and quiet rest,
And joy to see the cheerful light,
That riseth in the east ;
Now clear your voice, now cheer your heart,
Come, help me now to sing ;
Each willing wight, come bear a part,
To praise the heavenly King.

And you whom care in prison keeps,
Or sickness doth suppress,
Or secret sorrow breaks your sleeps,
Or dolours do distress,
Yet bear a part in doleful wise,
Yea think it good accord,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Each sprite to serve the Lord.

The dreadful night with darksomeness,
Had overspread the light,
And sluggish sleep with drowsiness
Had overprest our night :
A glass wherein you may behold,
Each storm that stops our breath,—
Our bed the grave, our clothes like mould,
And sleep like dreadful death.

Yet as this deadly night did last
But for a little space,
And heavenly day, now night is past,
Doth show his pleasant face ;
So must we hope to see God's face
At last, in Heaven on high,
When we have changed this mortal place,
For immortality.

And of such haps and heavenly joys,
As then we hope to hold,
All earthly sights and worldly toys,
Are tokens to behold.

The day is like the day of doom,—
The sun, the Son of Man,—
The skies, the heavens,—the earth, the tomb,
Wherein we rest till then.

The rainbow bending in the sky,
Bedecked with sundry hues,
Is like the seat of God on high,
And seems to tell this news :—
That as thereby He promised
To drown the world no more,
So, by the blood which Christ has shed,
He will our health restore.

The misty clouds that fall sometime
And overcast the skies,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dim our eyes ;
But as such dews are dried up quite
When Phœbus shows his face,
So are such fancies put to flight
When God doth guide to grace.

The little birds which sing so sweet
Are like the Angels' voice
Which render God His praises meet,
And teach us to rejoice :
And as they more esteem that mirth,
Than dread that night's annoy,
So must we deem our days on earth
But hell, to heavenly joy.

Unto which joys for to attain
God grant us all his grace,
And send us, after worldly pain,
In Heaven to have a place ;
Where we may still enjoy that light
Which never shall decay :
Lord, for Thy mercy, lend us might
To see that joyful day.

**We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from
the death of sin unto the life of righteousness.**

R. C. TRENCH.

**If sorrow came not near us, and the lore
Which wisdom-working sorrow best imparts,
Found never time of entrance to our hearts,
If we had won already a safe shore,
Or if our changes were already o'er,
Our pilgrim being we might quite forget,
Our hearts but faintly on those mansions set,
Where there shall be no sorrow any more.
Therefore we will not be unwise to ask
This, nor secure exemption from our share
Of mortal suffering, and life's drearier task—
Not this, but grace our portion so to bear,
That we may rest, when grief and pain are over,
“With the meek Son of our Almighty Lover.”**

Raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness.

F. QUARLES.

**ART thou consumed with soul afflicting crosses ?
Disturbed with grief? annoyed with worldly losses ?
Hold up thy head : the taper lifted high,
Will brook the wind, when lower tapers die.**

F. QUARLES.

**O THINK not then the world deserves
Either to be beloved or feared by you ;
Give Heaven these afflictions as its due,
Which always what it hath preserves
In perfect bliss,
That endless is.**

**We meekly beseech Thee, O Father, to raise us from
the death of sin unto the life of righteousness.**

HENRY VAUGHAN.

THOU that know'st for whom I mourne,
 And why these tears appeare,
 Thou keep'st account till he returne
 Of all his dust left here ;
 As easily Thou mightst prevent
 As now produce these teares,
 And adde unto that day he went
 A faire supply of yeares.
 But 'twas my sinne that forced Thy hand
 To cull this primrose out,
 That by Thy early choice forewarned,
 My soule might look about.

 O what a vanity is man !
 How like the eye's quick winke
 His cottage failes ; whose narrow span
 Begins even at the brinke !

Nine months Thy hands are fashioning us,
 And many yeares (alas !)
 Ere we can lisper, or ought discusse
 Concerning Thee, must passe ;
 Yet have I knowne Thy slightest things
 A *feather*, or a *shell*,
 A *stick* or *rod*, which some chance brings,
 The best of us excell ;
 Yea, I have known these shreds outlast
 A faire-compacted frame ;
 And for one *Twenty* we have past,
 Almost outlive our name.

Thus hast Thou placed in man's outside,
 Death to the common eye,
 That Heaven within him might abide
 And close eternitie ;
 Hence youth and follie, (man's first shame,)
 Are put into the slaughter,
 And serious thoughts begin to tame
 The wise-man's madness, laughter ;
 Dull wretched wormes, that would not keepe

Within our fresh faire bed !
But out of Paradise must creepe
For every foot to tread ;
Yet, had our pilgrimage been free,
And smooth without a thorne,
Pleasures had soiled eternitie,
And *tares* had choked the *corne*.

.

Thus by the crosse salvation runnes,
Affliction is a mother,
Whose painful throes yield many sons,
Each fairer than the other ;
A silent teare can pierce Thy throne,
When loud joys want a wing.
And sweeter aires stream from a groan,
Than any arted string.
Thus, Lord, I see my gaine is great,
My losse but little to it.
Yet something more I must intreate
And only Thou canst do it.
O let me (like him) know my *end* !
And be as glad to find it,

And whatsoe'er Thou shalt commend,
Still let Thy servant mind it!
Then make my soule white as his owne,
My faith as pure and steady,
And deck me, Lord, with the same crowne
Thou hast crowned him already!

That when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him.

ROBERT FARLEY.

HITHER lead me, O Lord, through all distresse,
O'er mountaines of the land, rockes of the seas,
Through whatsoever hath no quietnesse,
Through stormes and thunder, if it so Thee please.
So that the haven of this my voyage be
Heaven's rest, so that the goale be of my race,
The court of Angels, who attend on Thee,
And in my Father's house some dwelling-place.

b b

That when we shall depart this life we may rest in Him.

R. C. TRENCH.

**THERE he waits for his release,
There in God finds perfect peace : —
Till the long years end at last,
And he too at length has past
From the sorrow and the fears,
From the anguish and the tears,
From the desolate distress
Of this world's great loneliness,
From its withering and its blight,
From the shadow of its night,
Into God's pure sunshine bright.**

**That, at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be
found acceptable in Thy sight.**

(PART.)

GEORGE WITHER.

ENDEAVOUR honestly, whilst thou hast light :
Deferre thou not thy journey till the night ;
Nor sleepe away in vanities the prime
And flowre of thy most acceptable time.
So watchfull, rather, and so carefull be,
That whensoere the Bridegroom summons thee ;
And when thy Lord returnes, unlookt for home :
Thou mayst a partner in their joyes become.

And, O my God ! so warie and so wise
Let me be made ; that this which I advise
To other men, (and really have thought)
May still in practice by myselfe be brought :
And helpe and pardon me, when I transgresse
Through human frailtie, or forgetfulnesse.

That blessing which Thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all that love and fear Thee.

THE PALM TREE.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DEARE friend sit down, and bear awhile this shade,
 As I have yours long since ; this plant you see
 So preste and bowed, before sin did degrade
 Both you and it, had equall liberty

With other trees ; but now shut from the breath
 And air of *Eden*, like a male-content,
 It thrives nowhere. This makes these weights (like
 death
 And sin) hang at him ; for the more he's bent

The more he grows. Celestial natures still
 Aspire for home ; this, Solomon of old,
 By flowers and carvings, and mysterious skill
 Of wings and cherubims, and palms foretold.

This is the life, which hid above with Christ
In God, doth always (hidden) multiply
And spring and grow, a tree ne'er to be pricked,
A tree whose fruit is immortality.

Here spirits that have run their race, and fought
And won the fight, and have not feared the frowns
Nor loved the smiles of greatness, but have wrought
Their Master's will, meet to receive their crowns.

Here is the patience of the Saints : this tree
Is watered by their tears, as flowers are fed
With dew by night ; but One you cannot see
Sits here and numbers all the tears they shed.

Here is their faith too, which if you will keep
When we two part, I will a journey make
To pluck a garland hence, while you do sleep,
And weave it for your head against you wake.

That at the general resurrection in the last day, we may be found acceptable in Thy sight . . . grant this, we beseech Thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

THE MEN OF WAR.

(PART.)

HENRY VAUGHAN.

DEAR Jesus, give me patience here,
 And faith to see my crown as near
 And almost reached, because 'tis sure
 If I hold fast, and slight the lure.
 Give me humility and peace,
 Contented thoughts, innoxious ease,
 A sweet, revengeless, quiet minde,
 And to my greatest haters kinde.
 Give me, my God ! a heart as milde
 And plain as when I was a child ;

That when Thy throne is set, and all
These conquerors before it fall,
I may be found, (preserved by Thee)
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood (here) overcame
But the blood of the Blessed Lamb.

**The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God,
and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all
evermore. Amen.**

(PART.)

S. M. WARING.

**AND wherefore mourn the fading gleam,
When joys that cannot last decay ?
Who mourns when stars that loveliest seem
Grow dim before the rising day ?
What though e'en suns no more may shine,
Be there but light, O Lord, from Thine !**

Amen.

(PART.)

S. M. WARING.

'Tis He—'tis He, whose sovereign will
All the angelic host fulfil :
Who yet another host shall bring,
To join our choirs, and with us sing,—
To Him—to Him all glory be,
Who won and gave the victory !
To Him—to Him all glory be !

Índexes.

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